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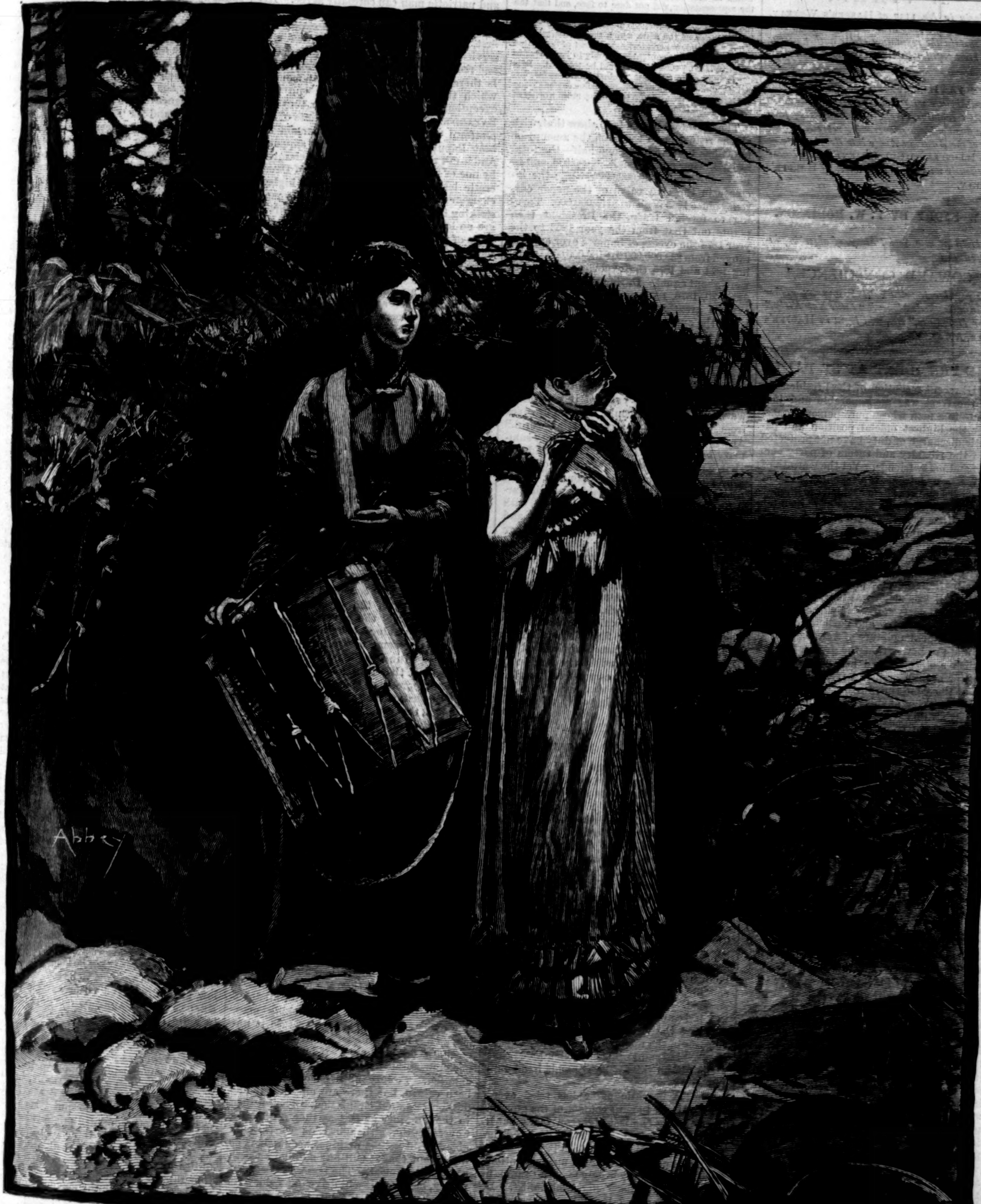

A MUSICAL STRATAGEM, 1812.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 778.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1878.

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THE PRESIDENT AT ST. PAUL.

THE recent reception of the President at the West was an honorable and just tribute to a man whose pure personal character the highest official position and patriotic discharge of duty have not protected from the ribaldry and sneers of party enemies and party friends. Yet the warmth of his Western welcome is a true indication of the regard and confidence which are unquestionably felt by great masses of most intelligent citizens for the Chief Magistrate as a plain, simple, upright citizen, honestly doing his duty. His speech at St. Paul was very important as a statement by the highest authority of the present financial and industrial situation from official figures. The tone in which it was made was most becoming: free from all party spirit and without boasting. It was a happy and curious corollary of the President's picture of American progress and prosperity that the greatest living English statesman, and her ablest finance minister certainly since PITT, should have said at the same time in the *North American Review*, speaking of this country in the most friendly strain:

> "As to riches, it is reasonable to establish from the decennial stages of the progress thus far achieved a series for the future; and reckoning upon this basis, I suppose that the very next census, in the year 1880, will exhibit her to the world as certainly the wealthiest of all the nations."

Many of the facts stated by the President are of course familiar to those who, like editors and members of Congress, and others especially interested in such questions, make them a constant study. But they are not familiar to the vast majority of those who heard or who have read the speech. First, taking up the public debt, the President commends the policy of its reduction and payment; and assuming the whole amount to have been in round numbers $3,000,000,000 thirteen years ago, he states that it has been reduced $1,000,000,000, or about one-third, within that time. But this is not all. The annual payment for interest was more than double the total current expenses of the government in any year of peace before the war. The successful management of the debt depended on the rates of interest to be paid. The policy of reducing the debt, it was thought, would so enhance the national credit as to reduce the rate of interest. The result has justified the expectation, and within the thirteen years the reduction of the annual interest charge is more than fifty per cent. of what we now pay. Another important fact is that while in 1871 from $800,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 of our bonds were held abroad, and we paid from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 annually to Europe for interest alone, they are now mainly held at home, not more than one-sixth are owned abroad, and instead of $50,000,000 interest to foreign holders, we now pay only from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000. Here is a wonderful improvement since the war. But the policy under which it has been effected has been most loudly denounced by those politicians, like General BUTLER, who trade upon popular ignorance, and who profess to think that a great civilized nation can flourish without regard to other great nations. Nothing, however, has done more to maintain the pre-eminence of the United States than the facts so simply stated by the President. In the same paper from which we have quoted, Mr. GLADSTONE, who is, for the purpose, the most competent foreign observer in the world, contrasts our financial policy with that of England after the French war, and adds, speaking of the reduction of our debt:

> "In each twelve months she has done what we did in eight years; her self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought for the future have been, to say the least, eightfold ours. These are facts which redound greatly to her honor, and the historian will record with surprise that an enfranchised nation tolerated burdens which in this country a selected class, possessed of the representation, did not dare to face, and that the most unmitigated democracy known to the annals of the world resolutely reduced at its own cost prospective liabilities of the state which the aristocratic and plutocratic and monarchical government of the United Kingdom has been contented ignobly to hand over to posterity. And such facts should be told out. It is our fashion so to tell them, against as well as for ourselves; and the record of them may some day be among the means of stirring us up to a policy more worthy of the name and fame of England."

The President proceeds to show that, with all the reduction of the debt, the amount of taxes has been reduced one-half—the total in 1866 being more than $488,000,000, and in 1878 more than $240,000,000—while the increase in the coin value of the paper currency since 1865 is about $175,000,000. Turning to foreign trade, the President then points out that from the year 1863 to the year 1873 the excess of imports over exports ranged from $39,000,000 to $182,000,000. During 1874 and 1875 the exports and imports were about equal. During the years ending June 30, 1876, 1877, and 1878, the domestic exports greatly exceeded the net imports, while the exports during the last year were larger than in any other year of our history. The balance of trade in our favor during the last three years is an average of more than $160,000,000 a year. These balances must be settled in cash, and in the money of the world. "We can not if we would, we would not if we could, isolate ourselves from the rest of the commercial world." And the President ends his satisfactory summary by saying what every farmer and mechanic and merchant and workman of every kind and degree may wisely ponder: "With diminished and still diminishing public burdens of debt, expenditures, and interest, with an improved condition of the currency and foreign trade, we may well hope that we are on the threshold of better times. But we must not forget that the surest foundation of a restored financial prosperity is a sound constitutional currency and unstained national credit." This sentiment he repeats at the close of his speech, showing the clear good sense of a practical statesman: "We should then base our financial system on principles and by instrumentalities that are sanctioned and approved by the best judgment of the whole commercial world." There has been no recent speech in the country more encouraging than this of the President at St. Paul.

THE DEMOCRATIC BOOMERANG.

THE cipher telegrams of Democratic agents to and from Oregon just after the election of 1876 have been interpreted and printed serially by the *Tribune*, and show incontestably that a Democratic attempt was made to buy an electoral vote, which it was supposed would decide the result. This publication, simultaneously with the ludicrous failure of the POTTER commission to establish one of the charges of the manifesto under which it was appointed, is a heavy blow to the Democratic project of carrying the election of 1880 by a cry of fraud. The argument of the cry is that a party which profits by the fraud of some of its members is a party which ought not to be intrusted with the government, which should be given to the party that was defrauded. It is in itself a droll argument, but it is unspeakably comic when it turns out that the virtue of the defrauded party consists in the miscarriage of its attempt to cheat. It is an argument which holds that a thief is no thief if he slips his hand into the wrong pocket.

The Democratic party has tried every kind of trick to gain control of the government during the last eighteen years, but it has signally failed. In 1864 it declared the war to be a failure. In 1868 it proclaimed the settlement of the Union unconstitutional. In 1872 it desperately made a candidate of a Protectionist-Whig-Abolitionist. In 1876 it denounced Republican corruption, and declared for Virtue and Reform—and to secure their triumph its agents tried to buy an electoral vote. In 1880, apparently, it means to marshal all the ignorance and discontent of the country under a banner of paper money and "fraud." But as this latter cry has now been made ridiculous, why does it not occur to the party to abandon this Skimpole shinning and hedging, and to contest the election upon some great and intelligible question of national policy?

The sole statesman left to the Democratic party seems to be Mr. BAYARD, of Delaware. Messrs. TILDEN and HENDRICKS and THURMAN, with their "still hunts," and the miserable mousing tricks of their agents, and their "straddles" and "somersaults" from "coin" to paper money, and all their breathless eagerness to snatch the prize of the Presidency, are humiliating figures in American public life. Mr. BAYARD preserves the tone and bearing of the statesmen of a better day. His recent speech at a harvest-home in Delaware was a calm and able presentation of views upon the chief questions of our politics, in which every thoughtful and patriotic man can cordially agree. His conclusions were that the remedies for business troubles and financial depression are, first, tariff reform; second, a reformed civil service; third, a sound currency based on and redeemable in coin of unvarying value. Is there any thing in such a statement to which the soundest Republican can take exception? Are not the points that Mr. BAYARD mentions the cardinal points of any platform which in 1880 can command the best Republican sympathy and support? And is not their uncompromising declaration by one of the ablest and sincerest of Democratic leaders, a gentleman of the highest character and of manly courage, the most striking illustration of the fact that parties are no longer really divided by great questions of public policy, although, as the POTTER investigation and the tone of the party press show, party organization is still powerful and party spirit strong? There must be, of course, a vital element in the Democratic party which agrees with Mr. BAYARD, and if the Democratic tendency of which we have spoken should prevail in 1880, and the Republican platform should be made of his own principles, Mr. BAYARD and his friends would find themselves in an unexpected but not an ungrateful association.

"WORKING-MEN" AND SILVER DOLLARS.

"A LABORING-MAN" in Ohio writes to us to tell him, without mysterious phrases, what he is getting if he receives silver dollars in payment of his wages. We shall answer him as simply as possible. There are two kinds of silver dollar which may be offered him; one is stamped as a "trade dollar" and the other is not. The "trade dollar" is more common, but it is not a legal tender—that is, nobody is obliged to take it in payment of a debt—and it is no longer coined. It was first coined in 1873, but not for the account of the government. The stamp was simply the government certificate that it contained 420 grains of 900-fine silver, and the stamp was put upon it to aid those engaged in the China trade, and as it was worth at that time about three and a half cents more than the gold dollar, there was little chance that any body would wish to use it in this country, where he could use gold or paper of less value to pay the same amount. The law that authorized these coins, however, made them a legal tender for amounts not exceeding five dollars. From various causes silver is now a metal of very variable value. In three years the value of the 420 grains of standard silver contained in the "trade dollar" had fallen from about 103½ cents to about 80¾ cents. Then, of course, it began to circulate on the Pacific coast, where it was coined, because five of these dollars, worth only a little more than four real dollars, could be lawfully paid for five dollars. This swindle, however, was stopped by the law of June, 1876, and the legal tender character of the "trade dollar" was revoked. Since then any body who takes one does so at his own risk.

The other silver dollar contains 412½ grains of standard silver, and is therefore seven and a half grains lighter than the "trade dollar." This, however, is a legal tender for all debts to unlimited amounts. A working-man, like every body else, can not refuse it unless he has made an express arrangement to receive something else. It is, however, almost impossible to get these dollars into circulation. Twenty millions of them have been coined, but there are only about one million in actual circulation. They return to the Treasury as fast as they are issued. Consequently, although it is worth only about eighty-eight or ninety cents, it is so infrequent that it will buy a dollar's worth of bread and meat. The instant it becomes plenty, however, it will drive out gold. Its reduced value will then be felt in its purchasing power; that is, it will buy only its own real worth. The law will still compel the working-man to receive it for a hundred cents in payment of his labor, but the law can not compel the baker to give a hundred cents' worth of bread for it. The law compels the working-man to receive it for a hundred cents, but he can pay it out only for ninety cents, or for whatever it may be worth in gold. For gold, for many reasons, is the universal standard. Silver, for many reasons, is constantly fluctuating in value. There will be no certainty, therefore, as to the purchasing power of the paper or the silver called a dollar until the gold standard is established. Many of the political platforms of the year demand a currency of gold, silver, and paper of an equal value. But nobody has yet devised a method of equalizing the permanent value of two metals of which the supply is unequal and irregular. The one that is cheaper will always expel the dearer from circulation. The Silver Conference in Paris has dissolved, after a polite interchange of views, during which nobody was able to suggest how nine could be made equal to ten.

The fundamental truth for all working-men and all other intelligent citizens to bear in mind is that real money must have an intrinsic value approaching the value of that for which it is exchangeable. Gold is not arbitrarily selected as the standard. It is made so by the consent of the most intelligent experience of many countries and times. And the demand for "fiat" money and "absolute" money and irredeemable paper money, based upon the "credit of the nation," and "coin," meaning any thing but a universal and practically steady standard, is a snare of which the working-man will be the most abused victim.

THE MORAL OF KEARNEY.

THE recent appearance of KEARNEY in New York and its neighborhood, which are supposed to be the dangerous centres of population in this country, should satisfy every student of the situation not that there is no suffering or reason for complaint in the long hard times, but that the talk and the spirit of KEARNEY do not properly represent it. The habit of order and respect for law in the English race are so fixed and strong that they are not to be easily disturbed. Even in the midst of sharp privation the man of English blood does not take counsel of "the blind hysterics of the Celt." The great lesson of the political history of his race, as it is especially of our part of it, is that the remedy of the most radical wrongs is to be sought in law and not in force; and the lesson is approved by his good sense, and becomes the rule and the tradition, because he knows that force ends in anarchy followed by despotism. There is a glimmering perception of this state of mind even in the diatribes of KEARNEY. He pours out the harmless slime of epithets, and his tone sometimes suggests blood and fury. But it is always restrained. The "moon-eyed lepers" and the "bloated, lecherous bond-holders" and the "crawling, loathsome editors" are profusely blackguarded, and the tone of the speech seems to imply wild violence. But when he shouts that "we must cut their throats," it is "with a paper knife."

This may, indeed, be called very perilous playing with fire, and it may be held that KEARNEY is but the present high-water mark of possible trouble, which, whatever else may be said of it, is certainly higher than any thing we have had. An Irishman in his shirt sleeves standing in Faneuil Hall and openly and violently preaching a crusade of the poor against the rich, is thought to be the most portentous spectacle ever seen in that venerable forum. But there was one still more alarming. It was that of the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, supported by the character and weight of the State, justifying in Faneuil Hall the murder of LOVEJOY. It is true that we survived that only after a terrible war. But the war itself has quickened our action toward any other fatal tendency. It must be confessed that there was some serious apprehension that KEARNEY might prove to be a spark that would fire a mine. It must be acknowledged also that he is a total failure. As the London *Spectator* well says, "The shallow grumblings and visionary schemes of KEARNEY and CAREY do not appear to us, in spite of the support of BUTLER, really dangerous in a country where good sense, in the long run, is generally supreme."

If, however, as we also believe, that good sense is supreme, it will prove itself not simply by sneering at KEARNEY, but by gravely considering whether the intelligence and virtue of the country keep equal pace with its undoubted progress in material prosperity, and if not, by reflecting upon the remedy. Has the doctrine of the duties of men kept pace either in our thoughts or our speeches with that of the rights of men? As the population rapidly loses its distinctive race character, can we safely continue to count upon the character or tradition of race? Can a vast ignorant majority, as it becomes more and more conscious of its actual power, be expected to govern wisely and to curb itself? Is our common-school system, excellent as it is, shown by the experience of a century, to be quite competent of itself to overcome that ignorance, and to produce that kind of intelligent population which our form of government presupposes? These are questions which Kearney and his harangues suggest. And our good sense will be shown by carefully and patiently considering them, and by reflecting that wise rulers, whenever they heard a complaint, have always inquired sharply into the reason. A seed, says the Oriental proverb, may be blown, but a tree can not be overthrown.

THE RESULTS OF "PATRONAGE."

Mr. John Jay, chairman of the late commission for investigating "the present system" of conducting business at the New York Custom-house, and not, as Secretary Sherman expressly said in his instructions, "to examine into the conduct of the present officers," has replied briefly to some of the remarks of the late Collector, published last winter, to which we made some reference at the time. The late Collector evidently supposed that great injustice had been done to his administration, but it is plain from Mr. Jay's paper that the conclusions of the commission reflected upon the officers through an evil system, so to speak, and not directly. We mean that under a system of appointment by patronage—that is to say, of filling the customs places with persons selected for political and personal reasons—the abuses specified by the commission are only logical and legitimate. For instance, we knew a New York Collector who turned out an officer whom he acknowledged to be faithful and efficient, because he took no part in the management of political meetings in his neighborhood. According to the received system, that was a most natural and proper proceeding. If a clerk in the Custom-house will not manage our caucus for us, who will? Who ought to, if not he? etc., etc.

Under this system, which has long been the supreme law at the Custom-house, improper appointments are inevitable, and consequent losses of "the people's money." In illustration of this system, the commission quoted the late Collector as saying, in regard to appointments, "If among the ten thousand applications I find it possible to comply with such a request, I make the appointment, and *the persons for whom it is made bear their proportion of responsibility for the character of the force.*" A more grotesque view of facts which are familiar to every man "in politics" could hardly be imagined. How and by what authority is the responsibility of a sworn officer of the government divided with Mr. A or Mr. B? The law gives to the Collector, and to the Collector alone, the authority to nominate minor officers for appointment. He may, of course, under the law, inform himself as he chooses of the fitness of any person for any place. But he alone has the responsibility of nomination, and if he makes the desire of any other man the reason for believing an applicant to be fit, he does so wholly at his own risk. The late Collector admits that under such a system unfit men may be appointed, "but," he adds, "they are soon eliminated." Yet the commission quote the testimony of the chief clerk of a division that he had complained of two clerks, and that they had been thereupon removed to another department with an increase of pay. The conclusion is that not only were the complaints unjust, but that the two clerks of whom the chief complained were the two especially meritorious clerks in his division. This is certainly remarkable, and exposes the chief clerk to a suspicion of personal malevolence which should have led to his removal—a point upon which nothing is said. Is it not, however, evident, under a system of appointment based upon political influence, that commanding influence in any individual case may be most detrimental to the efficiency as well as to the morality of the service?

The answer is contained in a statement of ex-Surveyor Sharpe. There was a person, known to him, who had been "three times dropped from the service for cause," yet who was for a fourth time pressed, in interviews and by letter, for re-appointment by a high official who knew that the man was a thief. This man had been at least twice appointed after his offenses were known, and undoubtedly by political influence. His fourth appointment was sought by the same influence, and was refused by Surveyor Sharpe. It is an evil of the very worst kind, and not the least part of it is that the same political influence may logically threaten the Surveyor with the loss of his own place if he does not yield. Twice, evidently, somebody *had* yielded; and this is a specimen of the whole system. The pressure may, indeed, be resisted, but why should men be exposed to such a pressure under circumstances so unfavorable? As the system of recruiting the service from patronage is more plainly revealed, it is seen to be a scheme in which the interests of the service, public economy, and a ready remedy of abuses are the last and least considerations. The facts which Mr. Jay has forcibly grouped are an interesting and valuable illustration of the gross and necessary abuses of such a system.

THE NEWS FROM MAINE.

The result of the Maine election shows how profound is the political disturbance. The significant fact is that the Democratic vote very generally combined with the Greenback vote, which indicates that a general alliance between them may be anticipated. Not only has the Greenback vote injured the Democratic party more than the Republican, but it has in great part absorbed it in many parts of the State. This was a probability which was universally understood, and the Republican Convention showed its good sense in refusing to dicker with "the tempter." If it had done so, it would have lost honor as well as victory. But as it is, the party is really stronger in moral nerve than before. The lesson for New York is plain enough. If any body had doubted, before the event in Maine, whether the New York Convention should pronounce in the strongest way for a currency redeemable in coin of unvarying value, he can doubt no longer. The Republican party may be beaten, but it must not be disgraced.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

After the vociferous demands of "harmony" in the New York Republican Convention which is about to meet, it is a little droll to find that the recipe for harmony is supposed to be the avoidance of any allusion to the national Administration for which the party is responsible. It is easy to see that this kind of silence might "harmonize" those who in the last Convention insulted the Administration, but how is it to harmonize its friends? If the difference that was manifested last year was merely personal or factious on either side, it is to be hoped, certainly, that it will not re-appear. If, however, it was a real difference, involving the welfare and success of the party, it will naturally re-appear, unless it has ceased to exist, or is not represented. We observe a disposition to assume that the "Cowdin conference" pledged the friends of the Administration to a specific course in the Convention. But not only did the conference not do this, but it could not do it. Its words were: "Those present do not profess to speak for any others than themselves," and it made use of these words because it was merely a meeting of some thirty gentlemen, upon the summons of one or two, to confer upon the political situation. They could bind no person or persons but themselves, nor did they attempt to do so. They professed, indeed, to desire party harmony as a condition of success at the election; but the very condition of harmony which they mentioned was "wisely and temperately to consider all differences of opinion in the party, and to adopt such resolutions and measures as will rally its entire vote." This is not an agreement to hold tongues, but to let them wag, "wisely" indeed and "temperately," which is a condition that all self-respecting Republicans will doubtless observe.

There is another amusing assumption that we have remarked. It is that if the friends of Mr. Conkling refrain from pressing a resolution of compliment to him, the friends of the Administration must equally refrain from urging a complimentary resolution on their side. Does this mean that Mr. Conkling is the enemy of the Administration? And if he be so, how does it concern the Republican Convention of New York? Is that Convention to refrain from speaking of its own Administration because a candidate for the Senatorship does not like the Administration? Senator Conkling's letter to the Cornell conference desired that personalities should be avoided. Could there be any thing more grossly and offensively personal than party silence about party administration to please one person in the party? Is it answered that that one person really represents the party in the State? Then the party in the State is hostile to the Administration, and the Convention can have no more important duty than to make that fact known. Is it said that the Administration is of no importance, and that the only really important point is Republican principles? Very well; then the voters will look to the Convention to know whether the Administration represents Republican principles. Is it said that they can be stated without reference to the Administration? So they may; but after the proceedings of last year, and under the practices of party Conventions, not without a virtual censure of the Administration.

We repeat, therefore, that if the difference of last year was merely personal and factious, it ought to be forgotten by common consent. But if it was real, we do not see how it can be kept out of the Convention this year, unless the minority of last year should be entirely unrepresented.

PERSONAL.

George Morgan, who died at Streatham, England, a few days since, lacked only a few weeks of being one hundred and eight years old. His father, a Welshman, lived to be ninety-eight. In 1795, as the books of his house in Longacre testify, Mr. Morgan went to London and established himself as a coach-builder—a business which he continued for eighty-three years. But Morgan was a child compared with Osman Bey, who lives in Albania, and who, the Austrian consul declares, is hale and hearty despite the weight of his one hundred and forty-eight years. When Napoleon landed in Egypt, Osman, then a patriarch of seventy, fought against him at the head of a troop of horse.

—One of the conspicuous sub-officers of the United States Senate is Captain Bassett, who for many years has been assistant door-keeper of that body. It is his desire to remain two years longer, that he may be able to have a neat title for a book he is writing about memorable men and scenes in the Senate. "Reminiscences of Half a Century" he thinks would sound better than "Experiences of Forty-eight Years." The captain was appointed a page in the Senate, in 1831, through the influence of Daniel Webster. Previous to that time there was only one page in the Senate, and he devoted himself too exclusively to the side of the chamber on which Mr. Benton sat. Mr. Webster wanted a page too, and he insisted on Mr. Bassett's appointment.

—Mr. George Parsons Lathrop has become the editor of the Boston *Courier*, and his accomplishments and literary experience will give it a very high character. The *Courier* is not a political journal, but public affairs will be treated in their more important aspects from the independent point of view. The more such papers, the better, in a country of partisan journals. Party spirit needs no inflaming, but constant criticism and restraint. Mr. Lathrop's tastes and talent and tact will find an admirable sphere in the conduct of a paper devoted to the higher intellectual and social entertainment.

—Mr. Samuel R. Crocker, who in 1870 founded the *Literary World*, died in Boston on the 22d of August, at the age of forty-one years. His life had been one of great literary activity. Upon graduation from Bowdoin, he went to Charleston, South Carolina, and became one of the editors of the *Standard*, remaining there till 1858. After nine months' service in the war he removed to Boston, and in 1865 became a clerk for Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. From 1866 to 1870 he was managing editor of the *Commercial Bulletin*. In June, 1870, he issued the first number of the *Literary World*. In 1874 he took a position in the publishing house of Little, Brown, & Co. For over eleven years he was correspondent of the Sacramento *Daily Union*, and he served the Springfield *Republican* and other papers in the same capacity. He also translated Figuier's *To-morrow of Death*, Flammarion's *Stories of Infinity*, "George Sand's" *My Sister Jeannie*, and several works of a lighter character, and he was the compiler of the very elaborate index to the new Centennial edition of Bancroft's *History of the United States.*

—A friend whose guest Bishop Selwyn (late Bishop of Lichfield, and for twenty-seven years Bishop of New Zealand) often was in that island, writes of him: "Whenever he staid in a settler's house his great desire seemed to be to give no trouble. He would insist on carrying his own travelling bags, would always tidy his room and make his own bed, and surreptitiously wash his own clothes. This was done with the knowledge that in New Zealand servants are scarce, and that the ladies of the household do many things for themselves and their families which ladies are not accustomed to do in England. He also refused to take wine when he was a settler's guest, not on grounds of total abstinence, but because he knew that in out stations wine was expensive. His own hospitality was profuse but simple; indeed, he kept open house. Every one who came to Auckland was welcomed, and knew that formal invitation was not needed. 'I give good advice, but bad dinners,' he used to say; the 'badness' being only a synonym for wholesome roast and boiled."

—The recent death of Horace H. Day will recall to old New Yorkers the long contest waged in the courts between him and Goodyear in reference to their rights in the great India rubber patents. Mr. Day expended over $500,000 in defending what he believed to be his rights, but he was defeated. Among the counsel in the case were Daniel Webster and James T. Brady. During the controversy Mr. Brady was asked by one of the lawyers in court how long the cause would take, and received, written upon a slip, this witty reply:

"Not for a Good year and a Day
Can other causes pass this way."

—George Augustus Sala quotes the man who imagined *mors omnibus* was Latin for a hearse; but an equally good story, and of a cognate kind, is that of the man who translated *Père la Chaise* into "the governor's four-wheeler."

—Dr. Joseph Kidd is not a medical goat by any means, judging by his charges. He is a homœopathic practitioner, who was summoned from London to Berlin to attend Lord Beaconsfield, and charged one hundred guineas a day for the period of his absence from his patients. His practice is said to be worth more than that, which, as a steady thing, is not bad to take.

—There died on August 22, near Cromer, England, Mrs. Mortimer, at the age of seventy-six. The name of this lady is scarcely known in the world of literature, yet her works have had perhaps a larger circulation than those of any other modern writer. Her books were all published anonymously as "by the author of 'The Peep of Day.'" Besides the ten volumes of "The Peep of Day Series," which are all concerned with elementary religious teaching, she also wrote a considerable number of secular books for nursery instruction, among which may be mentioned *Reading without Tears*, in two parts, *Near Home*, and *Far Off*, in two parts. In evidence of the popularity of these books, it may be stated that of the original *Peep of Day* more than 500,000 copies have been issued, and of *Reading without Tears* 80,000. It is hardly too much to say that the majority of the present generation have received their first tincture of learning from Mrs. Mortimer, whose simple style and genial manner have made her the deserved favorite of mothers and governesses.

—Victor Hugo wrote thus to the assemblage at the dedication of the monument to Lamartine at Macon, France: "I join in the honors rendered to Lamartine. I admire the grand poet; I honor the great orator. I see him always such as France saw him—admirable in the book, superb in the tribune. I salute the great shadow."

—In the latest issue of the London *World* the "Celebrity at Home" is Alexandre Dumas as he appears at his spacious residence in Paris: "Like most Frenchmen, he gets his day's task done in the morning, in order to have his evenings free for society. His methods of diversion have sometimes been extraordinary. When the Chinese knife-throwers came to Paris some years ago, he used occasionally to imitate their performance as a sort of private exercise in gymnastics for the relief of body and mind. He acquired such facility that he had some difficulty in dissuading Madame Dumas from becoming his target. 'George Sand' heard of his skill; and as if to show that in this, as in other things, she was not to be beaten by a man, she was soon at work with the knives day by day with a milliner's dummy for a mark, and with a success proportioned to her exertions. The favorite relaxation of his maturer years is the tidying up of his own room. When his ideas are not so clear as he could wish, off goes his coat, and for a day or two he combines the functions of Molly and a furniture porter in his own person, until, as the trainers might say, he feels himself *fit* for dramatic philosophy once more. His father was not without his misgivings in regard to this passion for order, this power of occasional attention to material details. 'He will never succeed in literature,' he murmured; 'he has twelve pair of boots—all in line.' The son, for his part, knew how to reply, and some of the brightest specimens of the current coin of Parisian wit were minted by his brain in friendly contests provoked by his sire's complaints. In these their relationship seemed to be reversed: the elder man figured as the *mauvais sujet*, the younger as the monitor and guide. 'My father is a big baby that I had when I was a very little one,' Alexandre used to say."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Maine State election took place September 9. There was no choice by the people for Governor; the Republicans elected three Congressmen—Reed, Frye, and Lindsey; while Powers and Hale were defeated by Ladd and Murch, Democratic-Greenback candidates. The election of Governor will be made by the Legislature.

The New Hampshire Republican State Convention, September 10, nominated General Natt Head for Governor, and adopted a platform with a very strong hard-money plank.

The Massachusetts Greenback State Convention, September 11, nominated General Butler for Governor.

Secretary Sherman, September 7, issued the following order to Treasurer Gilfillan, directing him to exchange standard silver dollars for United States notes:

"Treasury Department, *September* 7, 1878.

"*Hon. James Gilfillan, Treasurer United States:*

"On and after the 16th day of this month you are authorized, at the Treasury in Washington, and at the several Sub-Treasuries in the United States, to exchange standard silver dollars for United States notes.
Very respectfully, John Sherman, Secretary."

Sunday, September 8, General Miles had a battle with the Bannocks on Soda Butte Creek, near Clark's Forks. Thirteen Indians were killed, and the rest of the party, thirty-seven in all, were captured. General Miles's loss was Captain Andrew S. Bennett, killed, and one soldier mortally wounded. General Miles's force numbered twenty-one soldiers and a few scouts.

The yellow fever continues to rage in New Orleans, Memphis, and other Southwestern cities. Up to September 13 there was no abatement in the death rate. The condition of affairs in Memphis was most terrible. The wealthy had fled from the city, leaving the poor to shift for themselves. Provision stores were closed, and were broken open by starving people to obtain supplies. A special dispatch from that city to the New York *Times* says: "Persons taken sick on the streets crawl into unoccupied tenements, and their corpses are afterward discovered by the smell of their decomposing flesh. Many are found dead in the public parks or under the fences. Corpses accumulate for want of adequate burial force, and trenches are then dug, in which great rows of coffins are deposited side by side, and one row on the top of another. The peculiar smell of the great pest-house, which the city now is, can be detected at a distance of three miles."

FOREIGN NEWS.

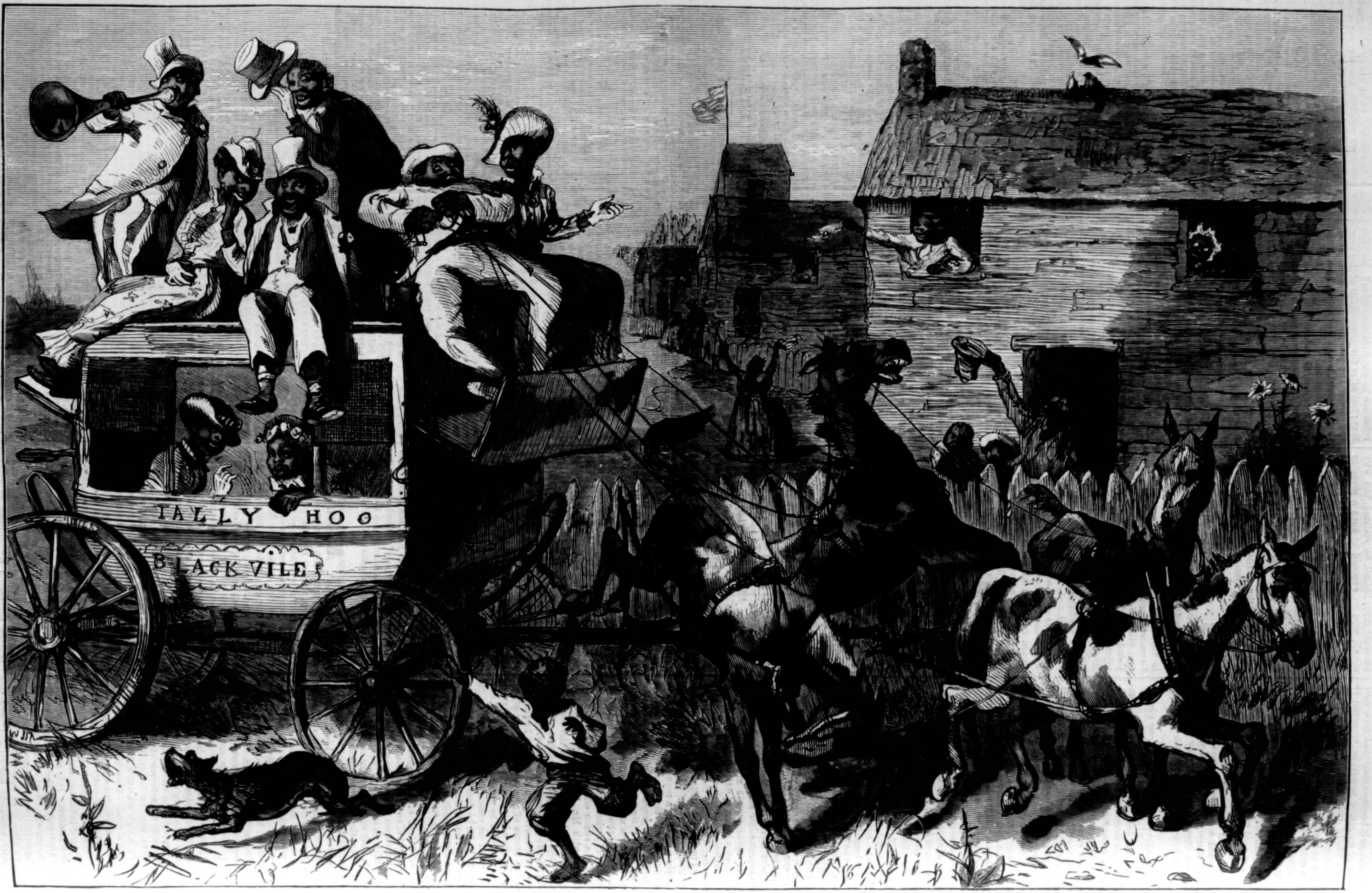
The Eastern Question: The Austrians still meet with determined resistance in Bosnia. There are 36,000 insurgents, with forty cannon, in Old Bosnia, and they have an advance guard 6000 strong between Gracanica and Han Karenovac. They have fortified Belina, Zwornik, Tuzla, and Tolny. After the defeat of the Austrians at Bihacz, where they lost twenty officers and 700 men killed and wounded, the insurgents invaded Austrian territory at Leskovatz, but were driven back. The Turkish troops and Albanians in the neighborhood of Mitrovitza and Novi Bazar are rapidly sending re-enforcements, which are said to include a large force of artillery, to operate against General Szapary. The London *Times* Constantinople correspondent hears from a trustworthy source that the Russians at Kustendje, on the Black Sea, are again arming the batteries which they dismantled a month ago, and that the orders for the departure of Russian troops have been countermanded.

Mehemet Ali Pasha, who was sent by the Porte to restore order in Albania, was assassinated at Jakova early in September. He was accused of intending to hand Albania over to Servia, and, with his escort, was attacked by the excited inhabitants. Twenty of his escort were killed, and Mehemet Ali, attempting to escape by flight, was overtaken and killed.

A frightful colliery explosion occurred, September 11, at Abercarne, near Newport, in Monmouthshire, England. There were 352 men in the mine at the time, of whom only eighty were taken out alive.

It is reported that 100 students suspected of Nihilism have been arrested and expelled from the universities of St. Petersburg and Kief.

It is reported at Tiflis that the object of the Russian mission to Cabul is believed to be to obtain the Ameer's consent to the extension to Herat of the projected railway running from Tiflis through Persia.


TALLY HOO
BLACK VILE

THE COACHING SEASON IN BLACKVILLE—THE GRAND START.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

AMONG ALIENS.*

By MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,

Author of "Veronica," "Anne Furness," "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

Signor Sandro was saved from taking much trouble about the search after Don Vittorio. Accident—the chance meeting in a *café* of Tivoli with the very *fattore* who had been robbed by the brigands—brought to his knowledge that Don Vittorio was staying at Olevano with a roistering party of young men; among them, two with whom my master had some acquaintance. These were a Belgian of noble family, and a Sicilian of no family at all. Signor Sandro's account of them was not favorable. He described the Sicilian as being a clever, unprincipled, dissolute young man. "Although," said my master, regretfully, "the rascal has a fine sense of color, and has done some clever *genre* pictures after the fashion of Fortuny and the Spaniards."

"And is the Belgian an artist too?" I asked; whereupon Signor Sandro first drew down his bushy eyebrows and peered at me from beneath them, and then raised them and opened his eyes with a wide stare, as he answered, "An artist! I believe his noble family allow him five thousand francs a month, and he paints pictures."

Which oracular response was all he deigned to make on the subject.

He wrote, however, immediately to the Princess, informing her where her son was. And he told me that he had advised her to let him alone to work off his mood of sullen defiance without interference. "He is in devilish bad company truly," said Signor Sandro. "Drinking and gambling and evil speaking will be their chief occupations. But I believe there's no species of wickedness in which Don Vittorio Corleoni couldn't give finishing lessons; so anyway he'll be no worse than before."

Rutherford afterward said to me privately that perhaps Don Vittorio had plunged into a week of debauchery by way of exorcising any uncomfortable thoughts of the drowned girl which might be haunting him. For my own part I did not believe that Don Vittorio was haunted by compunctious visitings. I had a profound conviction of his cold and cruel selfishness. Sometimes I felt as if I myself were wicked for realizing his wickedness so vividly. Altogether the subject was one which made me shudder; and as I could serve no good end by dwelling on it, I put it out of my thoughts as much as possible. Neither Mr. Rutherford nor I had told Signor Sandro of the dreadful scene on the Paseggiata di Ripetta. It remained a secret between Rutherford and myself—at least so far as our own immediate little circle was concerned.

I had an unspeakable sense of comfort and sustainment in the Englishman's counsel and sympathy at this time. And the trust with which I relied on his good feeling and good sense increased with every hour of our acquaintance. Now I had never in my life before felt it otherwise than irksome to be brought into confidential relations with persons whom I did not love. Intimacy and familiarity without affection I was constitutionally averse from. And yet the daily intimate and familiar intercourse with Rutherford was very pleasant to me. "Decidedly," said I to myself, "I must love him; for unless I did I should detest the sight of him."

No doubt this was a singular way for a young woman to reason about her first love. But I state the case as it was. I had been too much occupied with other things since I entered my teens to have gained the kind of experience in affairs of the heart which some girls appear to acquire instinctively, just as they know what sort of bonnet is the fashion at any given time, without any ostensible teaching on the subject. And then, to be sure, the unexpectedness of Mr. Rutherford's wooing had allowed me no opportunity of gradually developing a tender sentiment. There had been no series of shy hopes and fluttering doubts to move my fancy and attract my interest. I was asked suddenly one day to love a man whom I had never thought of in the light of a possible lover. And that, I presume, is a rare case. Few women are wholly taken by surprise in these matters.

On the evening before our excursion Lucy and I were in the sitting-room. It was nearly seven o'clock, and at that hour Signor Sandro and Mr. Rutherford were coming to drink tea with us, and make the final arrangements for our start in the morning. I was putting a few flowers—the untended product of our tangled garden, but sweet and fresh—into the brown earthenware pitcher for the adornment of the tea table, when Lucy suddenly said, "Do you know what became of the water-color sketch you made of Mr. Rutherford's basket of wild flowers?"

"By-the-bye—no."

"*I* do."

"Have you got it?"

"No. Some one carried it off with my leave. Some one who thought that bit of your handiwork a precious treasure."

"Dear me! I wish more folks would think my handiwork a precious treasure. Hitherto public appreciation of it has not risen beyond thirty pounds for a good-sized canvas."

I laughed as I said it, but I was conscious of looking red and foolish.

"Oh, he is such a good fellow, Catherine! And so fond of you! I really believe he loves and admires you as much as even I think you ought to be loved and admired. He confessed as much to me. But I had found it out long ago."

"Really!"

"Really."

"And suppose I say I don't know who it is you are talking about?" murmured I, bending over the flowers in the brown pitcher.

"I can't suppose that, because you couldn't say a falsehood. Ah, yes, I found out that Mr. Rutherford was over head and ears in love with you, Catherine, long before he confided in me. And I was in hopes—I thought—I had made up my mind that he would tell you so that day when you two went to the ravine together. And he lost the chance, after all. How stupid of him! I declare that— Why, Catherine! Turn your face round this way. No; a little more. Let me have a good look at you. He *has* told you! And what did you say? Oh, Catty dear, you said you would have him, didn't you?"

"No. I—said neither 'Yes' nor 'No.' I—he promised to wait a week for my answer."

"But why didn't you say 'Yes' at once, and make him sure and happy?"

"Lucy, Lucy, how could I? It was so sudden, so unexpected."

"Unexpected? Why, Catty, what on earth did you think the man was dangling about in Tivoli for all this time?" asked Lucy, innocently.

There was no answering this question, so I had to be silent, and to feel my cheeks growing redder and redder.

"And besides—don't be angry—but I'm sure you're a wee bit in love with Reuben Rutherford yourself."

"Am I, do you think?" said I; and I said it so earnestly that Lucy burst out laughing.

"Are you? Don't you know you are, Catty?"

"No; that's just it. And I want to be sure, because the truth—the very inmost truth—is due to him."

Lucy laughed again, but there were some tears on her eyelashes, which she wiped away smilingly. "Well, look here, Catherine— Goodness, how wonderful it seems for *me* to be giving you advice! But just ask yourself this question: suppose any other man you ever knew had told you that he loved you, and wished to make you his wife, how would you endure to be daily and hourly in that man's company, living in the greatest intimacy, and seeing his love for you shown at every moment in some way or other, not the less plainly because not spoken in words? How would you—proud, shy you—like that, Catty? If you don't know, *I* do, that the poor man would be frozen alive. But you haven't shown any disposition to freeze Mr. Rutherford, Catty."

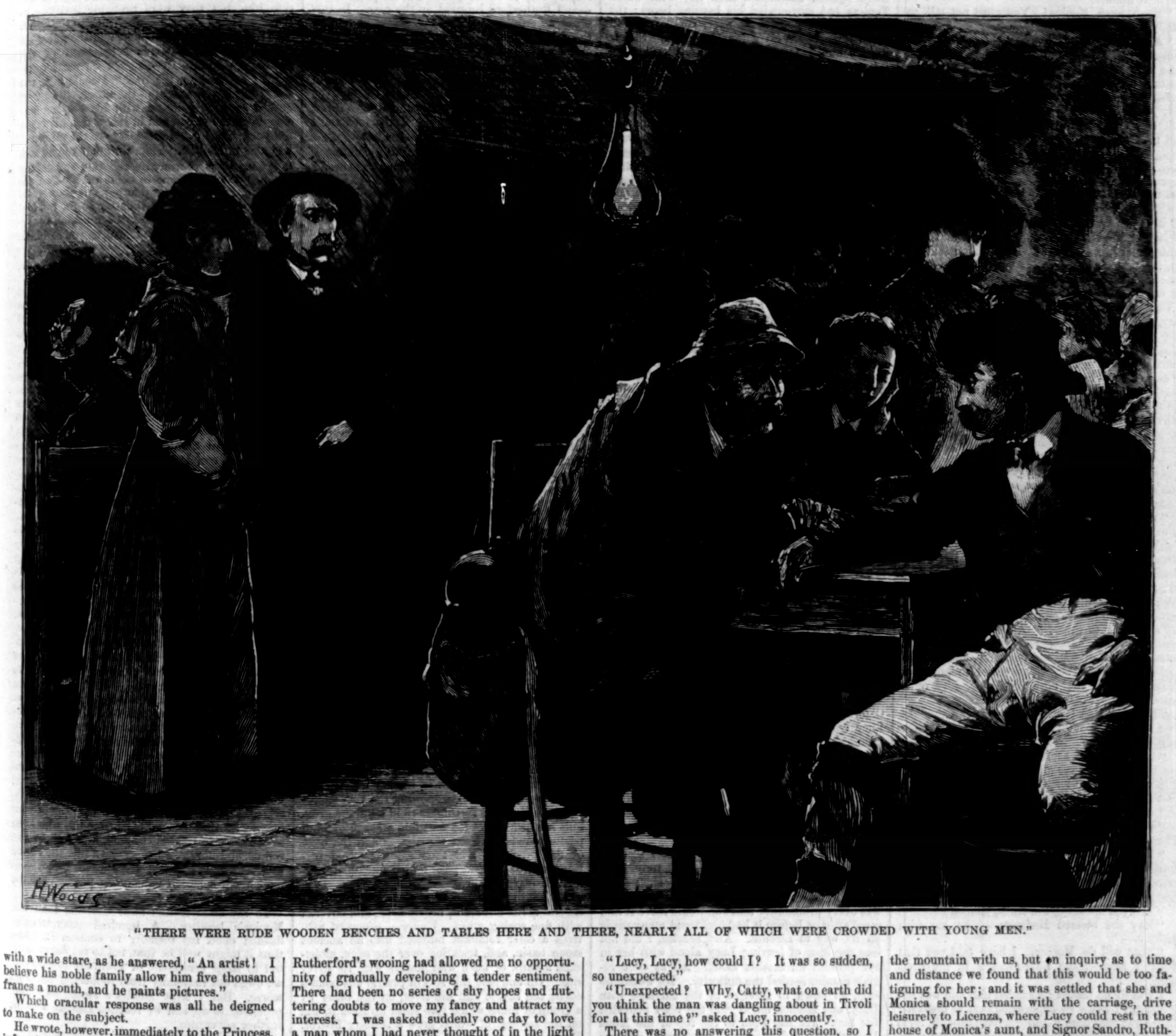
This consideration was so completely in harmony with the thoughts which had passed through my own mind on the subject that I could not forbear smiling. But I merely answered that we had best say no more about the matter for the present, but wait, and let the hours bring silent counsel, as it is their beneficent wont to do, if we will but possess our souls in patience. Lucy first made a little pouting grimace at this, and then kissed me, and said, "Well, only this one word, Catty: I know John would be pleased. He's just the sort of man after John's heart." John was our brother.

Then our guests came in, and we had tea, and were very cheerful, talking about to-morrow's excursion. This was to be the order of it: We were to start at four o'clock in the morning in a carriage, and drive to a place called San Polo de' Cavalière. There we were to mount ponies and ride to the summit of Mount Gennaro, and down to Licenza, at which latter place the carriage was to meet us again, and after having visited the site of Horace's Sabine farm, close at hand, we were to drive back to Tivoli, and be at home before sunset. At first it had been intended that Lucy should leave the carriage at San Polo and ride up the mountain with us, but on inquiry as to time and distance we found that this would be too fatiguing for her; and it was settled that she and Monica should remain with the carriage, drive leisurely to Licenza, where Lucy could rest in the house of Monica's aunt, and Signor Sandro, Rutherford, and I were to rejoin her there, and get some refreshment after our scramble on foot and on horseback. We were sitting quietly in the twilight, Signor Sandro smoking, Lucy and Rutherford chatting in low tones about his Cumberland home, and the rugged, picturesque Border country, and I sometimes striking a stray chord on the mandolin as a kind of accompaniment to a lazy sort of reverie I had fallen into—through which, however, I was conscious of all that my sister and Rutherford were saying—when, after one peremptory tap, the door was opened, and there stood Monica, her pale face glimmering white and ghostly out of her black locks in the waning light.

"I have to speak with you," said she, abruptly, in her coarse voice.

"To me, Monica? Well, come in, and make your salutation properly. You must not forget your manners, you know."

I never allowed my young savage to take her own wild way unchecked; and I had acquired such influence over her that she seldom rebelled against the curb. Now, apparently from the force of habit, she dropped a rough courtesy, and



"THERE WERE RUDE WOODEN BENCHES AND TABLES HERE AND THERE, NEARLY ALL OF WHICH WERE CROWDED WITH YOUNG MEN."

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muttered "*Buona sera.*" But immediately afterward she repeated, vehemently, "I have to speak with you." Then, as I beckoned her to advance, she said, "No; to you, only to you—not the others."

"What, may not even I hear, Monica?" asked Lucy, smiling. "I think that's unkind."

"No, no; not you," exclaimed the girl, suddenly shrinking away from Lucy's outstretched hand. "I want the S'ora Caterina."

Something in Monica's face and voice moved me to comply with her request. I went down stairs with her to the studio, and there the first words she uttered made me rejoice that I had done as she wished.

"You told me not to mention the accursed one's name before *her*," said she, pointing upward to the ceiling to indicate Lucy, who had remained in the sitting-room above.

"Do you mean the Corleoni? No, no. You have done well to remember my injunction. What has happened?"

"La Rosina has drowned herself in the river at Rome."

"La Rosina?"

"Yes; the handsome girl that that demon stole away from my brother. But she was a fool. I would have stuck a knife into his black heart first, even if I had gone down under the water the next minute."

"Hush, hush, Monica! You must not talk so wildly."

"Ay, you and the Signorina Lucia say that it's wicked to take vengeance. But don't the saints take vengeance if you offend 'em? Yes, that do they—and for such little things! Why, a young woman I knew down in the Maremma only just said to her sister, who wanted to be a nun of Santa Chiara, that it was just laziness, and that praying all the year came easier than spinning in the winter and reaping in the summer—and what did Santa Chiara do? Only ten days afterward the young woman's baby fell sick, and nobody could tell what was the matter with it, and it pined and pined, and wasted and wasted, till it was as light to lift as a blessed palm branch of last year—and then it died. And that was Santa Chiara's vengeance! Padre Bossi said so. Ay, the saints are quick enough to take vengeance for themselves. And if they won't take it for us, we must do our own work."

The girl's face was livid and contorted with fury, and her eyes were red and swollen. She had been crying. But Monica's tears—I had once or twice seen her weep—did not fall like a soft dew, but rather like a scalding rain. I tried to calm her excitement, and to raise in her dark mind some images of tender sorrow in connection with the unfortunate young woman whom she called La Rosina. Presently Monica took hold of my hand and kissed it in a quick, passionate way. "Yes," she said, "you've been good to me, and you're sorry for La Rosina. That's why I wanted to tell you about her. Because, then, if you should hear—if any thing happens—you will understand why."

"What do you mean, Monica? What is likely to happen?"

"Who knows?" she answered, gloomily. Then, after a second's silence, shaking her head and shoulders as a dog shakes off water, she exclaimed: "*Basta! Chi muore giace, e chi vive si di pace.* [Who dies, lies still, and who lives, takes comfort.] Signorina, you won't tell the others? You won't say any thing to them?" And on receiving my assurance to that effect, she seemed to cast off her volcanic mood of fire and darkness, and to give herself to buoyant anticipations of to-morrow's excursion with the unreflecting mobility of a baby.

"Monica," said I, struck by a sudden thought just as I was about to leave the studio, "where is your brother?"

"'Sh! 'sh!" she exclaimed, with her finger on her lips, and her eyes glancing suspiciously in all directions. "Don't speak of him. He's gone. Gone far enough away—gone back to the Abruzzi."

"Was he here—in Tivoli, or close to it—last Thursday?"

"No, no; not he! He was far enough away, I tell you. Beyond those big mountains," she answered instantly, looking straight at me with her great flashing eyes.

"Are you speaking the truth, Monica?"

"May the blessed Madonna strike me with palsy if—"

"That will do, Monica. I have told you that I don't allow those imprecations in my presence."

I was by no means persuaded that she was not lying, but I knew by experience that to press her further at that time would but have brought forth a string of oaths and protestations, whose vehemence would probably be in an inverse ratio to their veracity.

CHAPTER XXII.

MISTY darkness brooded over the scene when we left Tivoli next morning. A few stars still twinkled in a blue-black sky, and the air was cold and damp. As we jingled along the solitary road, some huge fragments of Roman aqueduct glimmered through the gloom. Then the gray tint of the crumbling rocks began to distinguish itself from the darker shadow of the shrubs which straggled over them. The infinite, chill sadness of the coming dawn spread slowly over the drowsy world, and struck us mortals silent, as the new unknown day crept nearer, bearing hidden destinies.

When we reached San Polo—a miserable village on a lower spur of the Sabine range—it was still murky, and the place was muffled in a mountain mist. While the carriage-horses were resting, and the saddle-ponies were being got ready, we entered, by our driver's advice, a sort of tavern, where he told us we could get some hot coffee. The cavernous room we stumbled into across a miry lane reminded me of a mouse-hole in a massive wall, for it was pierced, as it were, in the basement story of a half-ruinous mediæval tower and castle. There were rude wooden benches and tables here and there, nearly all of which were crowded with young men, smoking, lounging, talking, and drinking. One or two miserable oil-lamps faintly illumined the various groups, and at the farther end of the stone-flagged room a glowing mass of wood embers on an open hearth cast a red glare upon a little space, and made the neighboring darkness darker. The young men were conscripts—so the landlord told us, who brought some hot coffee (very weak, but mysteriously black) upon a brass tray. They were on their way down to Rome to be passed through the military machine which grinds peasants into soldiers. Very good raw material they seemed to me for the purpose—strong, deep-chested, with white teeth gleaming in vivid contrast with their bronzed skins, and dark, bright eyes, and an air of melancholy patience like the patience of an ox, but with suggestions of a smouldering fire beneath it, which the ox has not. And in all their gestures and attitudes one quality was conspicuous—grace; a masculine unconscious grace which had something of the grandeur of primeval Nature in it. The material accessories of the scene were of far more squalid coarseness than any with which Teniers has surrounded his boozing boors; the figures which peopled it were, compared with those same boors, Hyperion to a satyr. Signor Sandro and I feasted our painter's eyes upon them. Lucy sat wrapped in her shawl, a little shrinking from observation, and stretching out her feet toward the glow of the hearth. Rutherford had gone out to see to the saddling of our ponies, and I thought Monica had accompanied him; but suddenly I caught sight of her head bent down in earnest conversation with a man who was muffled in one of the huge cloaks called *pastrani*, which enveloped him from head to foot. The collar of it was drawn up above his ears, and he wore a peaked hat with a broad, overshadowing brim, so that he was effectually shielded from recognition by prying eyes, if he wished to avoid such; and it struck me that he did wish it. But this impression was derived from a fleeting glimpse—almost momentary; for no sooner had I ascertained that the person with whom he was talking was Monica, than the latter rose and elbowed her way toward me through the throng of men with her usual nonchalance, and the man shrank back and seemed to melt into the shadow. I did not see him again. In answer to my question, Monica said, carelessly, that the man, seeing foreigners, was curious to know who we were, and what brought us thither. "And," said she, with a look of the quick cunning which sometimes flashed across and vulgarized her statuesque face, "I took care to tell him that you were all artists. Artists are always poor, you know, and nobody wants to rob *them.* I don't believe there's any danger up in these hills even if you were as rich as the Pope. But who knows? There's no harm in being on the safe side."

We were very glad to exchange the freshness of the morning air, even though it was sharp and keen, for the close, tobacco-laden atmosphere of the tavern; and when we went outside we found that the dawn was brightening the mountain-tops, and the driving mist was silvered. All was in readiness, thanks chiefly to Rutherford's energy; but now an unexpected delay took place, occasioned by Monica's positive refusal to accompany Lucy to Licenza in the carriage, and expressed determination to remain with me. She could or would give no reason for this except that she wanted to go up the mountain with the Signorina Caterina. In vain we pointed out to her that Lucy could not go to Licenza alone, that her (Monica's) aunt would be expecting her, that if she were obstinate the excursion must be given up and the day wasted. She made no answer to half the arguments, scoldings, and coaxings that were addressed to her, and to the other half she merely replied, with downcast eyes and subdued voice: "Oh, I want to go up the mountain with the Signorina Caterina."

We looked at each other blankly. I was unspeakably provoked, but I felt myself to be powerless. For even if I had succeeded by sheer force of will in making her get into the carriage, there was every probability that she would leave it and come after us before it had journeyed many yards on its way to Licenza. And, besides, I did not like the idea of leaving Lucy alone with her in her present intractable mood. All at once Signor Sandro settled the difficulty. He would, he said, go down to Licenza in the carriage with Lucy, and Monica might ride the pony provided for him. He had been to the top of the Mons Lucretilis in old times, and could well give up seeing it again, especially as he foresaw the affair would be fatiguing, and better adapted for strong young folks than rheumatic old ones. In this way, too, both Lucy and I would have a masculine escort, and he would be able to see that Lucy was properly taken care of, and had a good rest at Licenza, and some refreshment out of an ample hamper which Rutherford had provided, and which was now safely stowed on the box of the carriage. "In short," said Signor Sandro, summing up, "this arrangement will suit every body—except, perhaps, Rodolfo," he added, in a low voice. "But it wouldn't do to send him to Licenza with Lucia."

"It's exactly the story of the man who had to cross the ferry with the fox and the geese!" exclaimed Lucy, laughing. And then with a grave face but a playful gleam of the eye she told Rutherford that she hoped he would endure the bore of Catherine's company with polite patience, and that Monica would be the discreetest of *chaperons*, possessing the rare and precious quality in that character of not understanding a word he said! Then I was helped into my saddle, and Monica into hers, Rutherford mounted his pony, the guide flourished his stick, and we set off to climb the heights which rise behind San Polo; while Lucy and my master, having with much waving of hands witnessed our start, were driven away by another road toward the valley.

Our way led at first along a rugged track—it could not be called a road—where there were the marks of wheels deeply cut into the soil. Then these disappeared. The track dwindled to a foot-path which meandered across wild, waste land, and over pastures on the shoulder of some swelling hill, and past rare patches of maize, or millet, or oats, and through a jagged gully which was in the autumn and winter the bed of a raging torrent. Now it was dry and bleached beneath the sun which shone bright and strong above our heads. Its rocky sides were fringed with bush and brier which were putting forth delicate green leaflets in the early southern spring. From the steep, slippery gully, over whose loose rolling stones our horses' hoofs stumbled and toiled with difficulty, we emerged on to a wide space of green turf. In winter this was a treacherous bog; in summer a pasture for many scores of grazing beasts. Now it was bright with vivid verdure, and enamelled with countless delicate lilac cups of the spring crocus. Our guide followed the only firm track across the quaking turf. He led Monica's pony by the bridle, I came next—my sagacious little beast following step by step in the hoof-marks of his predecessor—and Rutherford brought up the rear. In this order we crossed the bog, and climbed again on the further side of it. Our way grew so steep and so slippery that the ponies could not keep their footing on the short dry herbage. We dismounted, therefore, and made the last portion of the ascent to the summit of Monte Gennaro on foot. Arrived there, the guide and Monica threw themselves down to rest, while Rutherford and I stood gazing at the wonderful scene before us.

In one sense the view was a disappointment, for the whole of the lower landscape was shrouded in a billowy sea of mist, on which we looked down from the purer air of the mountain. But the grand rolling waves of this cloud-ocean—the effects of sunlight gilding the gray, the looming shapes of Monticelli and Sant' Angelo rising like volcanic islands, castle-crowned above this hazy sea—made up a sublime spectacle. Gradually the mist shifted here and there, and through great rents in it we caught glimpses of shadowy depths of landscape far below. All around us reigned a serene stillness. Save ourselves and our steeds, the only living thing to be seen was one circling hawk, poised on dark, motionless wings in the intense clear blue above a barren peak. And far away the song of a soaring unseen lark pierced the quivering air like a sunbeam.

"Come," said Rutherford at length, rousing our guide from his repose on the thyme-scented herbage, "we must proceed. There is a long road between us and Licenza yet, I take it."

Truly there was, the guide admitted. And he seemed to think there was no time to lose if we would meet our friends down there at the appointed hour, although, characteristically, he had made no voluntary effort to push on, nor to break from the allurement of *dolce far niente.* We remounted, and turned our ponies' heads to the descent. We were to go down on the opposite side of the mountain to that which we had climbed. Our way now became bolder, more distinctly mountainous and picturesque. We followed the course of a rapid stream, which had fretted a deep channel for itself through the rocks. Our path lay along the verge of the ravine high above the level of the water, which fumed and murmured mysteriously in the dark depths below. On the other side of the ravine rose hoary barren peaks, some sober gray, some amber-tinted in the sunlight, and once we descried a tiny walled town perched on an aeriel summit. It was the strangest, wildest, loveliest, forlornest looking place! And then to think of it in winter, when the winds must rage round it like a pack of hungry wolves, and the keen-toothed frost in splitting the very stones on which it stands! On our right hand the great hills somewhat receded and left a space of high pasture lands between themselves and the edge of the precipice, and then again pressed forward, narrowing the path and bounding it with lofty, frowning walls.

At length we came to a picturesque spot of several acres in extent, nearly level, and covered with fine spring grass. Under a group of ash-trees a clear fountain bubbled into an ancient stone basin, and, trickling over the edge, moistened a bank of bush wild flowers with its silver rills. On one side this sort of prairie was bounded by the ravine and the river, on the other by a group of rocks which rose sheer up from it, and on the summit of which grew a solitary fir-tree. Beside the fir-tree stood a figure, showing a clear dark outline against the sky. It was a man draped in the ample folds of a *pastrano*, such as the herdsmen of the Campagna wear; but as he stood he leaned not on the long spear-like staff which those men use in guiding their wild herds of horses and cattle, but on a rifle.

"What an admirable figure for this landscape!" I exclaimed, when I caught sight of him. "He is exactly what was wanted to make the picture complete!"

"Charming, from the purely picturesque point of view," muttered Rutherford. "But I should like to know—" He stopped, and on looking round at him I found that his eyes were fixed on the man's form with a mistrustful and suspicious look. The object of this look had not as yet perceived us, it appeared. He was standing motionless, like a sentry, and his head was turned down the valley in the direction toward which we were going, and the sound of our horses' hoofs was muffled by the spongy turf, so that neither his eyes nor his ears had warning of our approach. Rutherford rode up beside me, and made me halt with his hand on my bridle. "What do you suppose your picturesque friend can be doing all alone in this wilderness with a gun in his hand?" said he, in a low voice.

"Oh, he is in charge of some horses or cattle, no doubt. And as to his gun, it is very common for the *butteri* to go about armed, especially in the wilder parts of the country."

I had not felt the smallest fear on first seeing the man, and even now it appeared to me highly probable that he was merely a herdsman, as I had said. Nevertheless, Rutherford's evident uneasiness infected me somewhat, and I remembered all at once Signor Sandro's stories of the brigands, and the wild-looking peasant who had accosted me in the ravine, and the mysterious individual I had seen that morning talking with Monica in the tavern at San Polo. While we still halted hesitating, the guide and Monica had proceeded on their way, and were already some distance ahead of us; indeed, they had arrived nearly immediately beneath the rock on which the solitary figure stood. All at once Monica set up a bawling, tuneless song with a long-drawn wail for its burden, such as you may hear the Roman peasants singing any summer evening when the sun has gone down, and they rest from labor. At the first sound of it the man turned his head and shouldered his gun, and we, from the distance at which we stood, could see two other figures start up in a half-crouching attitude from among the bushes beside him, but they were probably invisible to those standing immediately beneath the rock. Our two companions stopped, and the guide—a rough, unkempt, uncivilized specimen of the mountain peasant lad—shouted up some question to the man on the rock. I could hear the sound of his voice, but not the words. The man replied to him, pointing with his outstretched arm down the valley, and in this action his cloak fell back, and I could distinctly see the glitter of weapons in his belt. Then the guide turned and beckoned to us vehemently, shouting and calling to us at the same time to come on. "You see it is all right," said I; "that boy was not certain of his way—I have been thinking so for the last mile or two—and has merely been asking for directions. My picturesque friend, as you call him, is a harmless herdsman."

"H'm! So much the better. At all events, he does not appear inclined to molest us."

We switched our horses and trotted briskly on to rejoin the others. "Don't you know your way, that you stop and ask for directions?" said Rutherford, sternly, to our guide; "and what do you think we are to pay you for if you don't know it?" The lad stared glumly, and shook his head. Rutherford's foreign accent furnished him with a sufficient pretext for appearing not to understand him; perhaps he really did not understand. We were now very near the group of ash-trees beneath which the fountain was trickling clearly, and the boy suggested that we should let our horses drink from the stone trough; but to my surprise Monica resolutely opposed this—urging us to proceed—to hasten onward—to get down to Licenza without more delay. Rutherford too seemed anxious to go on; and indeed he said frankly that he should feel more comfortable when we had got fairly away from the herdsman and his companions. So we proceeded down the gorge at as smart a pace as the steepness and crumbling, stony nature of the path permitted. As we rode away I looked upward and backward at the figure on the rock. He took off his broad-brimmed hat with a gesture full of wild grace, and waved it once in salutation. As he did so I recognized him. He was the same man who had restored my sketch to me that day in the ravine. Then he replaced his hat on his head, and, having pointed first at Monica and then at me, pressed his hand to his heart, and so remained until I lost sight of him. Rutherford, who rode immediately behind me, observed this pantomime with amazement. "Your 'harmless herdsman,' who is armed like Fra Diavolo, and has as cut-throat an air as one would wish to see, appears to be struck with you, Catherine," said he. "Perhaps we may thank your *beaux yeux* that he and his comrades, who keep so modestly in the background, didn't shoot and rob us, and fling our bodies down into the ravine there. Nothing would have been easier. He has chosen a most commanding position for the purpose."

To my mind it was clear that the man was Monica's brother. A hundred circumstances flashed upon my memory to confirm it. And thus it might well be that, not to my *beaux yeux*, but to some sentiment of gratitude toward me, we owed our immunity from robbery, if not from worse. But I kept Monica's secret, as I had promised to do, and we reached Licenza without further adventure.

There we found Lucy and Signor Sandro installed in the house of Monica's aunt—a poor, bare, stone dwelling, standing not within the queer little walled town of Licenza, but near to the banks of the river, which here sprawled and spread its clear waters into various wide and shallow channels. There was a little orchard behind the house, all pink with almond blossoms, and in the orchard food was set out on a rough deal table. We did ample justice to the meal, and were very merry and cheerful. The day had been lovely, and Lucy was enchanted with the picturesqueness of the scenery she had driven through. Monica's aunt—a weather-beaten, toil-worn peasant woman, mother of many sturdy brats, who rolled about us on the grass, and stared at us with great dark eyes like young calves—waited on us, and was kind and friendly, albeit in somewhat uncouth fashion.

"You did not happen to fall in with a party of three or four young men, who must have been going up toward Monte Gennaro about the same time as you were coming down?" asked Signor Sandro. "They were rather a boisterous crowd—artists, the people here said. I did not see them; but the good woman of the house told me that they had been drinking and kicking up a great row in the little wine shop yonder. They set off to walk up the mountain, meaning to reverse your tour and go down to San Polo." We replied that we had seen no such persons. "Ah, they were afoot," said my master, "and probably took some short-cuts." "I wish I had seen them," said Rutherford; "I should have advised them not to go on unless they were well armed, or had absolutely empty pockets, which might do as well." Nothing more was said on the subject at that time, for now Monica took up her tambourine, and a young man and woman of the place advanced to dance the *salterello* for our amusement. There was no other music than the rhythmic tap, tap of the tambourine, and the shaking clash of the loose metal plates on it, with an occasional booming thrum like the sound of a huge drowsy bee. Gradually, as the dancers warmed to their work, the pace became quicker, their gestures wilder and more animated, and at length Monica started up from the ground where she had been squatting with Oriental nonchalance, and, rushing to the table, seized a flask and drank from its narrow mouth a long, deep draught of wine. "*Morte ai traditori!*" she screamed, and flung the empty flask over her head like a mad *bacchante*. Then she began a dance the like of which I had never seen, nor ever shall see again. "Possessed with a devil," were the words which came into my mind as I looked at her. She leaped, she turned, she threw her lithe body back till it bent like a reed, she beat her feet with a wild, quick, pulsing movement on the ground. Suddenly she would sink on her knee, and crouch lower and lower at each thud of the tambourine, until her head nearly touched the ground; and then again she would spring up like a leaping flame, and whiz round and round with dizzy rapidity. It was an extraordinary and thoroughly savage spectacle. But it held us all in a kind of breathless fascination, until at length, with the same darting suddenness with which she had begun, she gave one great wild leap and yell, and dropped, throwing herself prone on the grass, face downward, and remained motionless.

"*Dio buono!*" exclaimed Signor Sandro, enthusiastically; "if you could but have sketched her as she danced! But you might as well try to sketch a flash of lightning."

The sun was declining when we got into the carriage to drive home. Before we reached Tivoli the stars came out, and the violet-tinted sky stretched solemnly above us. Every bush and wild flower was fragrant beneath the evening dew, and numberless nightingales sent out their exquisite throbbing music from each wayside copse as the flowers sent out their perfume.

"In a sweet spring evening like this," said Lucy, raising her innocent face to look upward, "I always feel a sense of such infinite compassion surrounding us. I don't know why, and I can not well express what I mean; but all this peaceful beauty and sweetness seems to me like the pitiful voice of one who consoles, one not ignorant of sorrow, nor indifferent to it, but who holds a secret of comfort which we too shall know some day."

CONCLUSION.

WITHIN four-and-twenty hours all the countryside was ringing with a dreadful crime that had been committed among the Sabine Hills, at the foot of Monte Gennaro. Two men, foot-sore, exhausted with fatigue and terror, and one of them slightly wounded, crawled into San Polo, and gave information that they had been attacked by brigands in the mountain, that one of their companions had been shot dead and his body flung down a precipice into a mountain stream, and that they two had escaped as by a miracle. A thousand rumors were flying about, and it was some time before the full truth was known. But the rarity of the crime in those parts, its daring character, and, above all, the name and rank of the victim, excited the intensest interest in the case, and made it the chief topic of public talk for many weeks. The murdered man was the only son—the heir—the hope—of one of the oldest and most illustrious families of the Roman aristocracy. He was the most accomplished, most handsome, most chivalric of noble young cavaliers: a brilliant figure in elegant saloons, beloved in the privacy of the domestic circle, a firm friend, a generous master, a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and—alas!—a devoted lover, who left an amiable girl who adored him to mourn the untimely loss of her promised husband. Above all, he was a stanch and truly pious son of Holy Church, and his cruel fate was understood to have plunged an additional dagger into the afflicted heart of the venerable Pontiff.

Thus—and much more—the clerical journals of the day. Thus—or little less—the other newspapers. And the man whose epitaph they thus wrote was Vittorio Maria Giuseppe de' Principi Bastiani-Corleoni.

Only by slow degrees and in a hesitating way did it begin to be generally remarked that there were sundry strange and unexplained circumstances connected with the murder, which gave rise to some curious conjectures.

Don Vittorio had not been robbed. A valuable gold watch and other trinkets were found on his body; whereas his two companions—a Belgian and a Sicilian artist—had been rifled of every valuable about them and of all their money. Clearly the assassination of Don Vittorio must have been due to some other motive than those which ordinarily actuate brigands, and by which these very brigands appeared to have been actuated in the case of their two other victims. Then it was whispered about that the two artists had delivered up Corleoni as a scape-goat—had bought their own lives by refraining from resistance, although by so refraining they destroyed the last chance of Corleoni's escape. For the three gentlemen were all armed, and, although fallen upon by surprise, might have made a fight for it; but that the chief of the brigands shouted to them loudly that there was but one life he wanted—Vittorio Corleoni's—and that he meant to have. As to the other two, they were free to go at the price of their purses. These horrible innuendoes crept out after a quarrel between the Belgian and the Sicilian. Each hinted that the selfish cowardice of the other had caused young Corleoni to lose his life. The truth was never fully known; but the world looked askance at those two men, and before long they vanished from Rome, and new tides of strangers from the east and the west and the north and the south have long ago swept over and obliterated the traces of them from the memories of all the inhabitants of Rome, save one or two.

The brigands got clear off for that time. They were supposed to have fled into the Neapolitan, where they continued their depredations with ever-increasing audacity and success. But only three weeks ago I read in an Italian newspaper a stirring account of an encounter with brigands near Salerno, and of the death of the celebrated chief Pasqualuccio, who was shot dead in a hand-to-hand skirmish with the King's troops.

Monica I never saw again after that fateful evening. In the first shock and horror of the news the chief and absorbing anxiety of all of us—Rutherford, my good old master, and myself—was to prevent its being communicated to Lucy. Had it been told her abruptly I think it might have killed her. But we succeeded in keeping it from her for more than two years. She knew the tragic story at last in its main points; but neither I nor Reuben ever told her of the suicide of the lost girl whose fate was so horribly avenged. She asked me several times, during the first days after our excursion, if I had news of Monica; if Monica were not going to sit to me any more; why she did not come to see us. And at first I could but say the truth, that I knew nothing of her. But I learned after a while that she had disappeared from Tivoli, no one knew whither. She was probably fearful of being examined by the officers of justice, who were making inquiries and researches in all directions. Signor Sandro, who had a most wide-spread and heterogeneous acquaintance, heard by chance that she was married to a peasant of the Abruzzi, and had emigrated to South America with a shipful of other sons and daughters of the soil from Genoa. And this statement was singularly confirmed. My brother John, on his return to Europe for a holiday in the following year, brought me a little coral armlet such as is commonly worn in Naples, and which he said was given to him by a poor Italian emigrant woman who was dying of fever at Rio Janeiro, and to whom he had had the opportunity of being kind. One day she heard his name by chance, and suddenly raising herself on her miserable pallet, asked him if he had not a sister called Caterina. On his replying that he had, and asking what she possibly could know about his sister, she merely shook her head feebly, and giving the armlet into his hand, bade him carry that to the Signorina Caterina, and ask her to get some priest to say a mass for her soul.

Our rough-hewn ends were shaped far otherwise for us than we had intended or expected. This often comes over me with a sense of awe and wonder when I remember the girlish plans for the future which my sweet Lucy and I used to make. Sweet, pure, child-like little Lucy, I have lost her. She faded away as the pearly hues of daylight fade in the west, serene and lovely to the last. And it is my profoundest comfort to know that the last twelve months of her life were full of a happy peace that truly passeth understanding. She fully embraced the Catholic faith; and her beautiful nature assimilated to itself all that is touching, lofty, and poetic in that religion, while its dross had no power to soil the white wings of her soul. She never showed the slightest wish to enter a convent, but lived in the world in loving sympathy with all her fellow-creatures. I sometimes feared, with many bitter pangs, that the disappointment and sorrow of her innocent love story had undermined her health, and that but for that she might have been spared. But a wise and gentle old physician who knew and loved her—all who knew her loved her!—assured me that the seeds of consumption were in her from her birth, inherited from her dead mother. Not long before she left us, she was sitting alone with me one evening in the twilight—alone but for one other tiny creature in my arms—and as she leaned her cheek against my shoulder, and played softly with a little waxen hand upon my knee, she said, "Isn't it strange to look back upon, Catty dear? You remember how you used to talk about your being the maiden aunt, and spoiling my children some of these days. And now, you see, it is I who must do the spoiling, for you and my dear good second brother are a great deal too sensible to do it for yourselves. And the poor bairns would be a great deal too sensible too, if it were not for foolish Aunt Lucy."

For I am the mother of two little sons, and Reuben Rutherford is my dear husband.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT has not unfrequently been stated, in reference to methods and processes of fish-culture, that an acre of water will produce quite as much as an acre of land. This announcement, although perhaps considered sensational, has been substantiated to a considerable degree by a recent report of the Prussian Commission for the Scientific Examination of the German Coast, in which a comparison is presented showing the relative results obtained from equal areas of (1) fish ponds, (2) grazing districts in Schleswig-Holstein, and (3) fishing grounds off Hela. As a result it is shown that the land yielded 167 pounds of meat per hectare, the fish pond 153, and the sea fisheries 63 pounds annually. In a recent report upon the ponds of Prince SCHWARTZENBERG, in Bohemia, we also find the following statement. The pond itself covers something short of 1200 acres of space. In 1876 were planted the following fish: one and two year old carp, 69,856 pounds; pike, 724 pounds; pike-perch, or sandres (*Lucioperca*), 200 pounds—total, 70,780 pounds. Two years later were taken from the pond, of carp, 235,000 pounds; of pike-perch, 1000 pounds; of pike, 2000 pounds—total, 238,000 pounds. In addition to these, there were about a thousand pounds of miscellaneous fish. The total increase, therefore, in two years was 167,220 pounds, or about sixty pounds of fish per acre a year, which, at one mark a pound, would yield $16 per acre. The supply from smaller ponds, with more abundant vegetation, is generally considerably greater. The fish were not fed, but derived their sustenance from the aquatic vegetation of the ponds.

A hint to those who may have occasion to break up stone or use stone-breaking machines may be found in the announcement by TOURNONE of the result of certain experiments in regard to the crushing of stone. In the experiments with chalk-stone dried, dried in the air, and wet, it was found that the ratios of crushing force required were in the proportions of 86, 23, and 18. Another experiment gave 36, 23, and 12, and still another gave 52, 26, and 21. It will thus be seen that by wetting the samples the force required for crushing was considerably reduced.

The University of Freiburg has lately received a very important addition to its ethnological and biological museum in twenty-nine large cases of specimens collected during the last few years in Egypt by Dr. F. MOOK. This is one of the most extensive gatherings of the kind ever brought into any one building, as it embraces over 300 skulls of mummies from the graves of Thebes, Dendera, and the Pyramids; 70 to 80 mummies of various kinds; enormous quantities of flint instruments (over 10,000 pieces). Besides these there were various articles of special interest, such as vases, ornaments, etc.

We have in previous years referred to the enterprise of the Netherlands Zoological Society in the establishment of peripatetic zoological stations on the coast of Holland. For this purpose buildings are constructed capable of being readily taken apart and set up with little trouble, and which when put together furnish comfortable accommodations for a number of specialists.

During the present year a station has been erected on the island of Terschelling, between the Zuyder and North seas. Several members of the society are engaged at present in studying the invertebrates of the coast. The Minister of Marine has, with commendable liberality, placed at the command of the station a vessel with a mate and three sailors, and has thereby added very much to the resources of the establishment.

Not satisfied with the fog-signals produced by the American Siren, the Trinity House Board is engaged with experiments upon other modes of producing noises for signal purposes. Among these is the firing of explosives from a mortar to a considerable height. Still more recently Professor TAIT has been experimenting with a form of drum, which he thinks will secure the same amount of sound at less expense than is now required.

Nature, in referring to the appointment by Congress of a commission to select a new site for the Naval Observatory at Washington, expresses the confident expectation that the United States government will not permit the Washington Observatory to lose its place as one of the first institutions of the kind in the world.

Among recent acquisitions in the Garden of Acclimatation in Paris are specimens of land tortoises from the Seychelle Islands, one of which weighs nearly 400 pounds.

A *multum in parvo* for the travelling naturalist has just been devised in Dresden in the form of what is apparently a simple walking-stick. The handle, however, contains a compass, a double lens, and a whistle. Below this there is a thermometer on one side, and a sand-glass on the other. The body of the stick is portly, and contains a small bottle for holding chloroform or ether for killing insects. Near the end of the stick a knife blade may be opened, which serves for cutting off objects which can not be reached by hand. At the extreme end there is a screw for holding a spade, a hammer, a hatchet, or a strong spike for glacier-climbing. The sides of the stick are divided into decimeters and centimeters.

Mr. D'ALBERTIS, whose intended departure from New Guinea for England we announced some time ago, has since arrived in London, bringing with him the vast collections made during his explorations of the Fly River and other regions in New Guinea. He has been disappointed in his expectation of disposing of them to the British Museum, which has not the means at present for their purchase. It is possible that some of the Italian establishments will acquire these objects. It is understood that Mr. D'ALBERTIS will commence at an early day the publication of the journals of his recent voyage.

According to a French journal, an average healthy infant should exhibit the following conditions of growth: At the age of two days of twenty-four hours each it should weigh 100 grams (about 1550 grains) less than at birth. It should recover this loss at the end of seven days. From the age of seven days to that of five months it should increase in weight at the mean rate of 25 grams (about four-fifths of an ounce) per day. After five months the growth should be 15 grams per day, or nearly half an ounce. At five months, too, it should be about double its weight at birth; and at sixteen months the weight should be double that at five. These figures are not, of course, to be understood as being absolutely uniform, as a greater or less rate of growth may be manifested.

The fading of the colors of certain fabrics in London stores has lately invoked special investigation of the causes producing it, and Dr. WALLACE, of Glasgow, inclines to the opinion that it is due to the action of the fumes of sulphuric acid produced by the combustion of gas. It is well known that in many establishments in London illumination by gas is necessary for transacting the business of the day; and the accumulation of this, especially in the upper part of the room, has been found to produce an injurious effect upon the articles exposed to it. The cotton goods especially affected were found to contain sulphuric acid in very appreciable quantity. In some cases the fibre was found to be entirely destroyed. The remedy for this is thorough ventilation to remove the fumes of the gas, and the use of lime white on the walls and ceilings, renewed frequently enough to enable the acid vapors to find lime with which to combine.

We not long since gave an account of a remarkable aboriginal quarry of soap-stone situated in Amelia County, Virginia, and evidently used by the Indians many years in supplying material for the pots, dishes, etc., made by them. The first announcement of this discovery was made by Mr. WIGGINS, the proprietor of the quarry, several years ago, but it was not until the present year that it became practicable to subject it to a critical investigation. Mr. CUSHING, who has the subject in charge, has lately revisited the quarry for the purpose of completing the examination of certain portions that have only lately been uncovered. A similar discovery has within a few months past been made on the farm of H. N. ANGELL, situated a few miles to the north of Providence, Rhode Island, and it presents very similar characteristics to that near Chula. The place was found incidentally by workmen engaged in quarrying some slate ledges, who came to a mass of pulverized stone, which on being removed revealed the existence of an irregular formation of soap-stone between the two slaty veins. The mass was about twenty-feet wide and fifty or sixty feet in length. As at Chula, the surface of the soap-stone rock is studded with pits or rings showing the places whence the pots had been detached. Quite a number of broken or partly finished dishes were met with among the débris, while others were to be seen still attached to the parent rock, and only required a little more labor to produce many finished articles. Scattered in every direction in the quarry, and sufficient to fill several wagons, were numerous stone hammers, some of which weighed nearly one hundred pounds. An excellent series of the soap-stone vessels, with the tools by which they were formed, has been obtained by Professor JENKS, of Brown University, and others by the Peabody Museum at Cambridge and the National Museum at Washington.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irishman accosted a gentleman on the street, late at night, with a request for the time. The gentleman, suspecting that Pat wished to snatch his watch, gave him a stinging rap on the nose, with the remark, "It has just struck one." "Be jabers," retorted Pat, "I'm glad I didn't ax yez an hour ago!"

Daniel Fender concluded a letter, asking his precious Angeline to be his, as follows: "Say yes, my precious Angeline, and I will forever be your faithful D. Fender." Daniel thought that was a happy hit, and so did his "precious Angeline."

A gentleman took the following telegram to a telegraph office: "I announce, with grief, the death of Uncle James. Come quickly to read will. I believe we are the heirs. John Black." The clerk, having counted the words, said, "There are two words too many, Sir." "All right; cut out 'with grief.'"

A girl who had been very observant of her parents' mode of exhibiting their charity, being asked what generosity was, answered: "It's giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself."

A saddler was talking about a new style of surcingle which he had got up, when one of the company pointed to a miserly old bachelor that was passing, and said, "There's the meanest sir single in this village."

"Will the boy who threw that pepper on the stove please come up here and get a present of a nice book?" said a Sunday-school superintendent in Iowa; but the boy never moved. He was a far-seeing boy.

A jeweller being sent to prison said to the turnkey, "If you'll let me out, I'll sell your watch for you to good advantage." "No, no," responded the turnkey; "instead of letting you sell my watch, I'll watch your cell."

"Tommy, my son, what is longitude?" "A clothes-line, papa." "Prove it, my son." "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

Cyrus Card was married the other day, and on his wedding notices were the words, "No cards." But then he doesn't know what might happen.

With pleading eyes she looked up from the piano, and sang, "Call me your darling again." But he refused, as there were witnesses around, and there is no telling when a man will be introduced to a breach-of-promise suit in these days.

"That's a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scottish minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey; "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, Sir," said the peat-dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when friends meet."

Sir Frederick Adam spoke with a strong Scotch accent. One day, when inspecting a regiment, he noticed that the tuft of a soldier's shako was missing. The man was an Irishman, and a bit of a humorist. "Where's your feyther [feather], my mon?" asked Sir Frederick. "He's in Ireland, your honor," was the prompt reply.

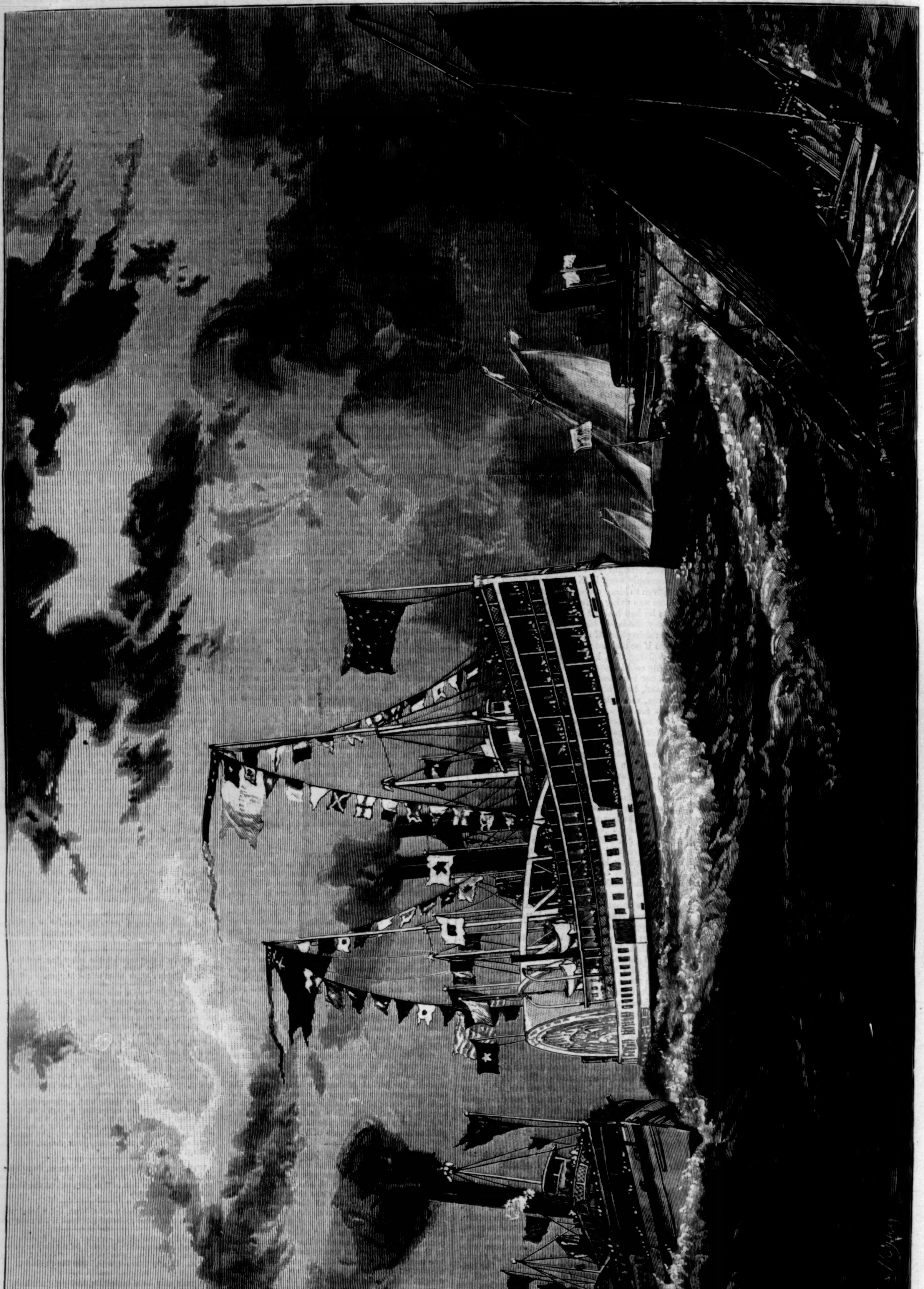
Which are the lightest men, Irishmen, Scotchmen, or Englishmen?—In Ireland there are men of Cork, in Scotland there are men of Ayr (air), but on the Thames there are lightermen.

A Troy man has lost a canal-boat, and a local paper suggests that some Syracuse girl took it for a slipper.

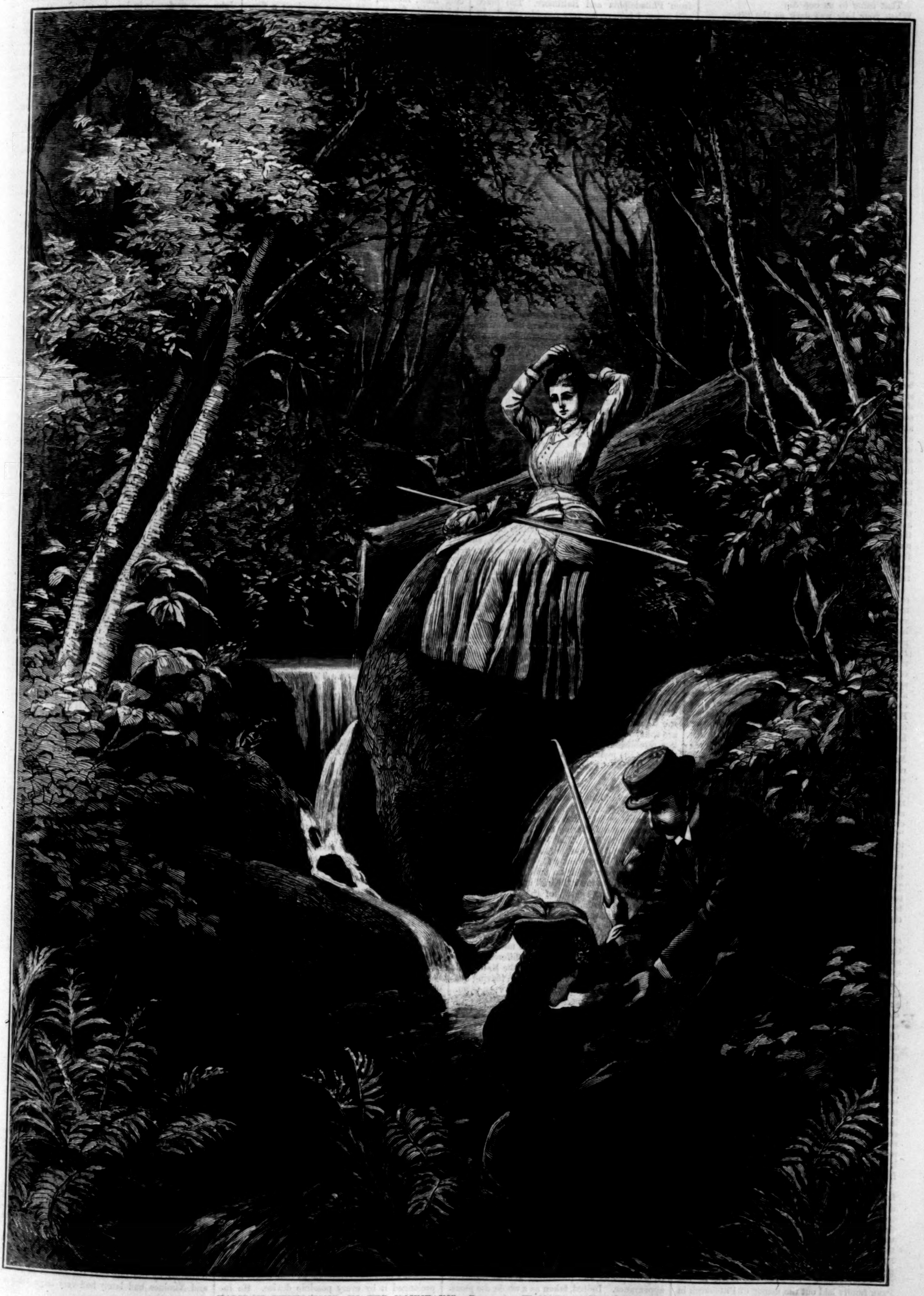
A peddler, overtaking another of the fraternity on the road, exclaimed: "Halloo! What do you carry?" "Patent medicines," was the reply. "Good! You go ahead. I carry grave-stones," was the rejoinder.

A man may be a teetotaler, and yet partake of the spirit of the times.

A young fellow in San Francisco suddenly snatched a kiss from a lady friend, and excused himself by saying that it was a sort of temporary insanity that now and then came upon him. When he arose to take his leave the pitying damsel said to him: "If you ever feel any more such fits coming on, you had better come right here, where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you."



HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS—STEAMERS IN ROCKAWAY INLET.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 778.]



HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS—IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.—[See Page 778.]

A BIT OF THE OLD LOVE.

Just a bit of the old love, Ellie,
  That came to us one day
When your hair was dark as the raven,
  And your cheeks as bright as the May.

Oh, you loved me then with a heartful,
  And I loved you just as well:
Oh, a bit of the old love, Ellie,
  That we hadn't the courage to tell.

I know that our years are many,
  That long we've been husband and wife:
Oh, a bit of the old love, Ellie,
  That we met at the threshold of life.

The flowers are growing round our door,
  And the sunshine lights our wall:
Oh, a bit of the old love, Ellie,
  For that is the best of all.

And you're just the same, my darling,
  Though the bloom has left your brow:
Oh, a bit of the old love, Ellie,
  'Tis all that I ask for now.

You may chide me, and raise your finger,
  But I'll whisper it right in your ear:
Oh, a bit of the old love, Ellie,
  Our comfort through trial and tear.

Perhaps I am old and foolish,
  For my locks are growing so white;
But a bit of the old love, Ellie,
  To brighten our hearth-stone to-night.

PITTSBURGH.

An old historian in writing of Pittsburgh says: "The richest gifts of nature seem to have been bestowed by Providence upon this region, and the art of man has been most diligent in advancing the works of nature and developing her latent sources of wealth." Certainly the "Smoky City," as it is called, is one of the most active centres of industry in our country, yet, at the same time, it is a delightful place of residence. The natural attractions of the scenery are much enhanced by improvements both of a public and private character, and nowhere can the comforts and luxuries of life be more fully enjoyed. In size, Pittsburgh ranks only second to Philadelphia among the cities of the Keystone State, and its situation as regards trade is unexceptionable. Lying at the junction of two navigable rivers, the Alleghany and Monongahela, which here unite to form the Ohio, it enjoys a system of inland navigation by means of which its products are distributed to remote sections of our country.

The early history of Pittsburgh rivals in interest that of any of our larger cities, while the remote period at which manufacturing enterprises were introduced accounts for the large part they have played in its growth and progress. The region around Pittsburgh was first explored by the French, who built Fort Du Quesne, where the city now stands. For many years it was the source of much misery to the English settlers in Pennsylvania, because the French furnished the Indians with arms and ammunition, and also encouraged them to destroy the homes of the English, with the purpose of driving the latter out of the country. The first effort to plant an English settlement in this neighborhood was made in 1748, when **Thomas Lee**, one of his Majesty's Council in Virginia, organized an association with the design of locating upon the waste lands west of the Alleghany Mountains. **Thomas Lee**, **Lawrence** and **Augustine Washington** (brothers of the hero of the Revolution), and a Mr. **Hamburg**, of London, formed this association, which was chartered by the name of "The Ohio Company." The king granted to this company 500,000 acres of land, provided that 200,000 acres should be immediately selected and held ten years free from quit-rent or tax to the king; and with a further provision that 100 families should be settled upon them within seven years, the company bearing the expense of building a fort and maintaining a garrison sufficient to defend the settlement.

Under this charter the company commenced operations. In 1750 they sent out **Christopher Gist** to explore and report upon the country. He spent two years in visiting Pennsylvania and other regions further west. In July, 1752, Mr. **Gist**, with three commissioners from the province of Virginia, made a treaty with the Indians at Logstown, near where Pittsburgh now stands, by which the Indians agreed not to disturb the settlements of the company southeast of the Ohio. But at the same time they declined to acknowledge that the English had any title to the lands. Dr. **Cornell**, in his account of the negotiations, says: "At this council two of the old sachems asked Mr. **Gist** 'where the Indians' land lay;' for the French claimed all the land on one side of the river, and the English on the other. The question was a puzzling one." During the Revolution the post at Pittsburgh was commanded by Captain **Neville**. He was, however, succeeded by three other commanders. The savages were then leagued with the British, and it was the duty of these officers to guard the frontier against them.

Until the close of the Revolution the **Penn** family adhered to the crown, and took part against the colonists; but immediately after the treaty at Paris, by which the independence of the colonies was declared, they turned their attention to getting what they could from the lands they held in Pennsylvania. Among these were 5760 acres, including the site of Pittsburgh, the point between the rivers, and extending south of the Monongahela. In 1784 the agent of the **Penn** family laid out the manor of Pittsburgh in town lots. **Arthur Lee**, who visited the place in 1784, records the following notice in his journal: "Pittsburgh is inhabited almost entirely by Scots and Irish, who live in paltry log-houses, and are as dirty as in the north of Ireland or even in Scotland. There is a great deal of small trade carried on, the goods being brought at the vast expense of forty-five shillings per hundred-weight from Philadelphia and Baltimore. The place will never, I believe, be very considerable." In commenting on this, a later writer says: "But the small trade grew, the settlers developed with it, and Mr. **Lee**'s prediction was soon proved unsound. In 1786 **John Hall** and **Joseph Scull** commenced the publication of the Pittsburgh *Gazette*—a newspaper which still lives—and the same year a post was established between this place and Bedford, extending from there to New York and Richmond, Virginia. The amount received for postage at Pittsburgh for the year ending October 1, 1790, was $110 99. The number of houses in the city in 1786 was estimated by Judge **Brackenbridge** at 100. A public academy was established here by act of Legislature in 1787, and the same year the First Presbyterian Church was incorporated."

As already suggested, Pittsburgh from its start seems to have engaged very extensively in manufactures. In 1795 an establishment for the manufacture of window-glass was organized; and even in 1794 a steam-engine was operated, but for what purpose is not known. In 1796 an important trade in salt was carried on between the Onondaga works in New York and Pittsburgh; but when the Kanawha salt came into favor in 1810, this region was made the source of supply for the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. There was also a manufactory of green glass-ware in operation in 1797; but this seems to have been attended with great expense, for a memorandum left by one of its owners states: "To-day we made the first bottle, at a cost of $30,000." In 1804 a foundry for casting hollow-ware went into operation, and the next year a steam flouring-mill was established. A rolling-mill was built in 1812, and in 1814 a cannon foundry, of which the celebrated Fort Pitt Works are an outgrowth. The first steamboat plying our Western waters was built at Pittsburgh in 1811, and during the six years that succeeded seven more boats were built. The number owned or partly owned in 1840 was eighty-nine.

At present Pittsburgh has a population of about 90,000 souls, with an equal number in the suburbs. The river-banks are lined with manufactories and steamboats, and the surrounding hills are covered with beautiful residences. Among the many large and substantial public buildings are the Court-house, a solid stone edifice, surmounted by a dome, and the Custom-house, a commodious structure, which also accommodates the Post-office and the United States courts. The Municipal Hall is another imposing building, with granite front and a massive central tower, erected at a cost of $750,000. Literature is represented by the Mercantile Library, in which may be found a collection of 15,000 volumes, and education is abundantly provided for by numerous schools and colleges. The chief interest is, however, manufacturing, as may be seen from the immense buildings devoted to such industries, whose chimneys constantly pour forth volumes of smoke, producing a twilight gloom which hovers over certain portions of the city even on the brightest days. About one-fourth of the pig-iron and blooms of the United States is used by Pittsburgh. There are thirty-four rolling-mills, and probably 150 minor establishments using the product of these mills for the manufacture of all sorts of steam-machinery and implements for agricultural and domestic purposes. The manufacture of steel and copper has been carried on here for about twenty years, and there are now eight steel-works, capable of producing annually more than 50,000 tons of this metal. The annual product of the five copper-manufacturing establishments is valued at $3,000,000. The glass manufactories number about forty-five, producing annually articles to the value of about $11,000,000.

The engraving which we publish on page 776 relates directly to the industrial interests of Pittsburgh. It is the custom of the inhabitants of this active city to hold an annual fair, by means of which the attention of visitors from all parts of the Union is attracted to their various manufactures. This year the display is even more remarkable than usual. Among the novelties is a canal in which are exemplified the different methods of slack-water navigation. In the Main Hall the exhibits are placed close together, leaving but few passageways and open spaces between them. The display of stoves, mantels, and articles of that character is very large and fine. The Chinese pagoda is lacking this year, but it is replaced by several huts built entirely of bark. Then there are numerous other stands of all kinds of handsome and useful articles. In the galleries the most noticeable features are the photograph, carpet, and furniture displays, which far exceed any thing ever seen there before. The mechanical curiosity, the "German's Dream," with its many moving figures, is also an attraction. It is located in the northeast corner of the gallery. In the gallery are, also, the sewing-machine displays, with many other exhibits of fancy light articles.

The leading feature of the exposition outside of the Main Hall is the Art Gallery, which was refitted at considerable expense, and turned over to the Pittsburgh Artists' Association for arrangement. Under the auspices of these gentlemen the gallery has been hung with some of the finest pictures procurable in America, so that the exhibition exceeds that of former years. Visitors find the Art Gallery a very pleasant place in which to spend an hour or two, as there is really a large number of beautiful works on exhibition. Floral Hall is also a most attractive point, being crowded with plants, and presenting a most beautiful appearance. Indeed, taken as a whole, the pleasant grounds outside, the large number and neat arrangement of the exhibits, and the unusual attractions of Main Hall and Floral Hall make the opinion unanimous that the exhibition of this year surpasses any of its predecessors.

JOHN, JUN.

John Basil Ximines, Greek merchant, of Mincing Lane, London, was in trouble. Not financial trouble, for the old house stood on a firm foundation; and no one knew this better than Sam Postlethwaite, confidential book-keeper of the firm, and the trusted friend of the Greek merchant. Therefore, when he saw John Basil in so anxious a mood, he resolved to know and to share his annoyance.

"Master," he said, "you are in trouble. What is it?"

"John, Jun.," was the prompt reply. "He takes no interest in the business, and if he comes to the office, grumbles and blunders till we are glad to see him leave things. You know it is so, Sam."

"John, Jun., wants an object to work for, Sir. If he thought the firm was in trouble now, he would be full of energy and interest. No doubt of it, Sir."

"He has lost interest in every thing; hunting, yachting, shooting, travel—every thing is a bore."

"Any lady in the case?"

"There is a governess at Sir Thomas Oakes's I don't like—a tall girl with red hair, and a wonderful figure and color."

"Why don't you like her?"

"She is poor; besides, John is to marry Leanora Zeiton. I bought the estate with that view. The two united will make the finest in Middlesex. You can put them together in a ring-fence."

"If you have told John, Jun., this, he will never marry her."

"I have said nothing to John yet. Zeiton and I have talked over the matter, but the girl Leanora is yet at school."

The two men sat thoughtfully a few minutes, and then Sam Postlethwaite made an astounding proposal. "John Basil," he said, decidedly, "if you wish to make a man of your son, give up the business to him a while. You go to Zante for a year or two, and let him feel his feet. Put him in your place. I will see no harm comes either to him or the business. Drop a few hard words about Zeiton before you go; it may help your plans for Leanora." And half an hour's further conversation made the old clerk's plans clear to the father.

That night he said to his son, "John, there are serious changes in hand. I must go to Zante, and the business in Mincing Lane will need your severest attention and industry. It is a great charge for a young man, but Sam says I may trust you."

John rose at once to the occasion: "To be sure you may trust me, father. If the old house of Ximines is in danger, I will work for it night and day."

"John, thank you. You make me very happy and hopeful. If we tide things over this year, we may not only keep our standing, but also add greatly to our influence. And, John, don't let this place run down. I don't want Zeiton to get the better of me in this matter; but don't have any thing to do with them—nothing whatever."

John readily promised. The next day his father left for Greece, and he went at once to the front in the daily fight in Mincing Lane. He was a man sure to fail and weary in small routines, but in whom great trusts developed great resources and untiring energy; and Sam made him believe that the very existence of the house of Ximines depended upon his personal oversight and influence.

It was about a year after his father's departure for Zante that Sam said, one warm evening in June, "Mr. John, you had better run down to the country and see after the place. A change will do you good, and now that you have got the better of Zeiton about those olives, there is nothing pressing for a week."

So John went to the country, resolved to lie and dream under the blossoming lilacs, and throw all care away. He was fully carrying out this intention one warm, sunny afternoon, when he heard a little stir of conversation, and the rippling music of girlish laughter. This side of the garden adjoined a little wooded park, through which ran a rapid brook famous for its excellent trout fishing. As it was strictly private ground, he wondered who were the trespassers, and quietly moved aside the foliage to look.

The picture that met his view was a very pretty one. Upon a rocky elevation, shaded by a drooping birch, stood a beautiful girl, with a fishing rod in her hand, and at her feet reclined the splendid-haired woman whom he had known as governess to the daughters of Sir Thomas Oakes. She was reading, while her charge whipped the babbling waters with a grace and skill John, Jun., had never seen equalled.

John looked and wondered and admired. He knew the governess, and had once been half in love with her beauty, but now he thought her hardly worth looking at in comparison with her companion. Who could she be? His recent contact with life had taught him to be prompt and self-reliant, and he soon decided that it would be a very agreeable thing for him to join the ladies upon the rocks.

There was a little wicket further down. He opened it, and at once faced the intruders. There was no retreat for them, even if they had wished one, but the governess was glad to see her old admirer. She came to him with outstretched hands, and the little maiden with the fishing rod stood in beautiful and blushing confusion. Then he heard her name—Leanora Zeiton—and for a moment his father's charge flashed across his mind; but in the next he had looked in Leanora's face, and forgotten it.

Such a charmed afternoon as that was! John prolonged it by every possible device. He induced the ladies to come into the garden and eat strawberries; then they rambled through the greenhouses, and got lost in the hazel maze, and forgot the hours were flying, till the governess, in alarm, pointed to her watch, and said there was barely time to reach home before the dinner-bell rung.

Without any definite arrangement, these pleasant meetings occurred every day for a week. John was so deeply in love by this time that he put Mincing Lane out of his thoughts altogether. He did not write to Sam, and he hoped that Sam would not write to him, at least for a month. But one morning, just eight days after he had met Leanora, there came that disagreeable large blue letter. Sam said "he must come to London at once; every thing was needing him; there was an important consignment from Greece, and some custom-house business which could not be managed without his personal influence."

This summons, in spite of his disappointment, flattered him very much. He let Leanora's governess read it, for John knew that she would talk about it, and he was quite aware that women admire men who carry great trusts, and are of importance in the world. And the governess, in return for the compliment, was very kind that last afternoon to the lovers, so that they found plenty of opportunities to say to each other those few sweet monosyllables that mean so much. In fact, they parted as plighted lovers, and John went back to London with a new sense of his own importance, and a very happy man.

Sam looked at him queerly. "The country has done you a deal of good, Mr. John," he said.

"Yes, Sam; I think I shall run down every Saturday. I found the gardens rather out of order. I can come back Monday."

"Yes, you *can*," answered Sam, doubtfully.

The justice of Sam's "can" was soon proved. John went to the country very punctually Saturday mornings, but Sam had generally to write an urgent letter Monday or Tuesday to get him back to business again, and at the end of the summer he thought it well to notice this.

"I should think, Mr. John, the gardens are in order now, and I don't see that you can be spared every week now. Business is very brisk again."

"Sam, I'll work till midnight if you wish, but I must go to the country Saturday."

"Then, Mr. John, it is not flowers that is taking you."

"Well, Sam, it is not. It is the loveliest little lady in the world—Leanora Zeiton."

"Mr. John! What ever will your father say? And old Zeiton! You know how ugly he was about that cargo of currants."

Next Saturday John went to the country, but he did not see Leanora. Her father had discovered her engagement, and had threatened to send her to a German convent. The governess was full of grief, and could not conceive how Mr. Zeiton had found all out. John remembered Sam—but that was impossible: Sam and old Zeiton hardly spoke civilly to each other; besides, Sam had professed so much sympathy with Leanora and him. It could not be Sam. But he went back sorrowfully to London, and told Sam that Leanora was to be sent away from him.

"I should not stand it, Mr. John," said the old clerk; "I should ask her to marry me, and take her away myself."

"But you say the business can't afford me more than eight hundred pounds a year, Sam?"

"And if you love each other, and can't live on eight hundred pounds a year, you don't deserve to live at all. Take a little house in a quiet neighborhood, and ask her to come and share it with you."

Sam's advice just pleased the eager lover. He was for taking it at once, and Sam did not oppose him, though John might have wondered if he had seen the face that followed his footsteps. "The lesson is pretty nearly learned," he muttered. "It takes an old bachelor like me to bring up a young man properly," and the good fellow dipped his pen in his ink with a self-satisfied chuckle.

John returned in high spirits. Leanora was an angel. She was willing to be his wife, no matter how humbly they must begin. She was coming to London next day on a visit to her aunt, and would meet him in St. Pancras Church next Saturday morning. He would have a special license by that time, and Sam could be witness.

Sam said of course he could. But Sam had no idea of doing such a thing. He put on his hat soon after, and went to Alexander Zeiton's office. The two men did not meet like those who have a chronic quarrel about consignments, but like old friends. They clasped hands, and went together into an inner room, from which soon came sounds of pleasant good-fellowship. Then Sam telegraphed to John Basil Ximines in Zante thus: "*Send for John, Jun., immediately.*"

After this piece of business, Sam was very busy all day, and kept John by his side. They were eating a late dinner together, when a telegram was brought to Sam, which he quietly passed over to John: "*Very important. Mr. John Ximines, Jun., wanted in Zante at once.*"

"What am I to do about Leanora, Sam? What am I to do?"

"Write to her, and go to Zante at once; there is nothing else to be done." Sam's face was so impassive John saw resistance was useless; and indeed Sam was so urgent that he found himself by midnight on the way to Greece.

"Very important" his journey might be to the house of Ximines, but very miserable for himself John felt it. Indeed, he was so evidently wretched that his father hurried back to London with his son as soon as possible. But when they arrived John found that the Zeitons were in France, and would not return till Christmas. There was nothing to do but wait and hope, and he was encouraged by the fact that the houses of Zeiton and Ximines had lately had very large transactions together.

Sam drew his attention first to this circumstance, and advised John, Jun., to make a confidant of his father, who could then ask the old Greek in regular form for the hand of his daughter. This was three days before Christmas, and the letter was sent upon the 23d of December. Before the Ximineses could receive any answer to it, a letter from Zeiton, also dated on the 23d, came to John Basil, saying: "Our lands join, our business is intimately connected; why should not our families be happy together? Come and spend Christmas at Zeiton Hall."

The concession, therefore, was as mutual as if it had been so arranged, and Sam talked a great deal about this wonderful unanimity of feeling. But John, Jun., was too happy to have any suspicions, and this happy Christmas visit was only the prelude to that grand wedding which took place three months afterward in St. George's famous church, and when the handsome Anglo-Greek bride and bridegroom were the theme of every tongue.

"A very suitable wedding indeed," said the magnates of Mincing Lane—"unites two fine estates and two old firms."

"A very handsome, loving couple," said John Basil to Sam; "and it is your doing, old friend."

"Yes," said Sam, cheerily, "it is my doing. I have made a good merchant and a good match, and saved a proverb besides—'A bachelor's children are always well brought up.' Here's to the children, John Basil."

THE MINNESOTA STATE FAIR.

Two important fairs were held in Minnesota in the early part of September—the annual State Fair, at St. Paul, and the Northwestern Fair, at Minneapolis. Each was a great success, and impressed the thousands of visitors from all sections of the country with a high idea of the prosperity and the resources of the Northwest, and the intelligence and enterprise of its citizens. Both fairs were honored by the presence of President and Mrs. Hayes, whose reception by the people assembled at those two great centres of industry was cordial and enthusiastic.

The rapid and wonderful development of the Northwest, and especially that of Minnesota, was well sketched by Senator Blaine in his address at Minneapolis. The plain facts which he stated are more startling than fiction. "Whoever," he said, "will enter into the details of the progress here made will find one of the most remarkable advances of civilization ever realized, and in a period so brief that it does not comprehend the life of one generation. In 1849 your Territory contained but forty-six hundred inhabitants; today your State has seven hundred thousand. In 1849 you raised fourteen hundred bushels of wheat; last year you raised thirty-three million bushels: and these figures, striking, even startling, as they are, form but an index to your marvellous progress in all forms of material wealth. The pages of your census tables seem like a romance; the statistics of your progress dazzle the reader with their proportions, and almost challenge his credulity at every column he peruses."

On page 777 will be found sketches made at the State Fair, St. Paul, by our special artist, which will give our readers a graphic idea of the scenes and incidents that were witnessed in and about the grounds. One of the attractions was a fine exhibition of marksmanship by Dr. Carver, whose skill was displayed in shooting butterflies, toy balloons, pieces of money, and other objects thrown into the air. There were also some fine races, and the visitors were, besides, treated to a fox-hunt in the open, which proved attractive sport to those who were mounted.

We have not space for a detailed description of the buildings and the numerous exhibits with which they were crowded. All who visited the fair agree in pronouncing it a decided success. The number of horses, cattle, and other stock, and quantities of machinery, implements, wares, goods, curiosities, agricultural and horticultural products, will largely exceed that of any other fair ever before held in Minnesota.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 29.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity; St. Michael and All Angels.

The addresses delivered at the meeting of the British Association in Dublin show a disposition on the part of scientific men to withdraw from speculation upon topics which lie outside of the domain of science. Even Professor Huxley, whose aggressive temper is well known, put forward a very modest claim for anthropology, the department which he specially represented. The president of the Association, Mr. Spottiswoode, sounded the first note of the truce between science and religion in the limitations with which he bounded mathematics. "Mathematics," he said, "can tell us nothing of the origin of matter, of its creation, or of its annihilation; she deals only with it in a state of existence. She can tell us nothing beyond the problems which she specifically undertakes; she will carry them to their limit, but there she stops, and upon the great region beyond she is imperturbably silent." In his capital extemporaneous speech before the anthropological section, Professor Huxley pointed out that "the problem whether the ideas which Darwin has put forward in regard to the animal world are capable of being applied in the same sense and to the same extent to man" is still unsolved. He considers it "an enormous question, and one for which a definite answer may possibly be looked for in the next century." It was clear to him, too, that man can not be traced farther back than the drift period, and "the drift is only the top of the earth's surface." He was convinced that the skull of the lowest human type known indicates as complete a man fundamentally as exists now.

It is noteworthy that the same conciliatory temper was shown in the opening address, made by Professor Simon Newcomb, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which met in St. Louis, August 22. "The key-note of my discourse," said this distinguished astronomer, "is the proposition that science concerns itself only with phenomena and the relations which connect them, and does not take account of any questions that do not in some way admit of being brought to the test of observation. The only universe it knows is that made known by the telescope, the microscope, and other appliances of observation. That this is the whole universe we should all be very sorry to suppose." This relinquishment of the claim to pronounce an authoritative opinion on subjects which lie beyond the range of science will do much to promote a good understanding between thinkers who, since the delivery of Professor Tyndall's famous inaugural address, have been exasperated against each other. The passages which we have quoted prove a disposition to cultivate harmony and good-fellowship.

The overture sent down by the Presbyterian General Assembly to the Presbyteries, and intended to secure reduced representation, is likely to be received with favor. It proposes one commissioner to the Assembly for every 2500 communicants, the commissioners to be chosen by the Presbyteries, as has been the practice heretofore. One fact which is likely to help its adoption is the unwillingness of some of the congregations to contribute to the expenses of the Assembly unless the number of commissioners is reduced.

Judging from Mr. John B. Gough's announcements, his visit to Great Britain promises to be very successful. The largest places of assembly, such as Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and Exeter Hall, have been engaged for him. London, Brighton, York, Liverpool, and parts of Scotland are included in his plan of work for September and October.

Collections in the churches for the sufferers by the yellow fever have begun to be taken, and will now multiply rapidly. Some delay has been occasioned by the absence of many city pastors at the time of the outbreak of the disease. On Sunday, September 8, $600 was contributed by the congregation worshipping at Ocean Grove. The Methodist Preachers' Meeting of this city, upon re-assembling for the season, on September 9, adopted resolutions expressive of sympathy for the people of the region in which the epidemic prevails, and recommended that collections be taken speedily in all the churches. Messrs. Nelson & Phillips, 805 Broadway, have offered to forward contributions.

An effort is about to be made in New Haven to reverse the action of the School Board last year which discontinued all religious exercises in the public schools. A meeting was held September 6, and a ticket for three members favoring the restoration of religious services was nominated. A recent fact shows plainly the influences to which the New Haven School Board have succumbed. Hamilton School, in that city, taught by Sisters of Mercy, and occupying buildings owned by St. Patrick's parish, has been included among the public schools. The Eaton School, in the same neighborhood, has been enlarged, and the Board ordered a transfer of the children of the Hamilton School to the Eaton premises. The children, under the instructions of their priest, disobeyed the order, and met their teachers in St. Patrick's Hall. Still another incident shows the Roman Catholic temper in this country. Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco, has issued a pastoral letter in which he declares that the sacraments will be refused to those parents who send their children to the public schools.

Several important religious assemblies meet this season. The General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada opened in Montreal, September 4; the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada began its sessions in Belleville about the same time. The National Convention of Methodist Local Preachers assembles October 19. The place named was Louisville, Kentucky, but in view of the prevalence of yellow fever in the South, it has been proposed to substitute Trenton, New Jersey. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will meet in Milwaukee, October 1-4. The American Missionary Association will hold its anniversary in Taunton, Massachusetts, October 29-31.

The "Order of Corporate Reunion," which has shrouded itself hitherto in mystery, creates increasing surprise the more it is known. Its object is the formal unity of Christendom by the bonds of episcopacy. A member of it says in a letter to the London *Rock*: "We have received an undoubted episcopal succession from sources as undeniable as those of the Patriarch of Constantinople or Pope Leo XIII. The addition of an Anglican source would be worse than useless, since the aim and object of the order is to supply the defects, real or supposed, of the present English succession. Whether our English orders are valid or not, they are—like dishonored bills of exchange—not negotiable. Our Order of Corporate Reunion remedies this essential defect, as it is regarded by both East and West." All this reads like a riddle, but it piques curiosity, to say the least.

One of the leaders of the Irish Disestablished Church, Lord James Butler, has seceded, and united with the Plymouth Brethren. He was an advocate of more radical changes in the Prayer-book than the Synod of the Church would adopt.

The Rev. Leonard W. Bacon is a man who always thinks and speaks with vigor. Whether agreed with or not, his word appears to express his innermost and uttermost conviction. He has an ideal of the Church, which he has recently explained in his acceptance of the pastorate of the Park Congregational Society, Norwich, Connecticut. He refuses to take this position as the representative of any one denomination, and adds: "As I read the New Testament, *the Church* of any community is nothing less than the whole company of believers there dwelling. Holding this view, I do not come to be a pastor of one of the churches of Norwich, but one of the pastors of the Church in Norwich. For the Church in Norwich is one—not ought to be, but is—and my service and fellowship will be due, for Christ's sake, to the whole commonwealth of Christian believers in that place." This is nobly said, and yet it may be believed that there are many Christian ministers who, accepting denominational limitations, do their work in the same spirit.

The Catholic episcopate stands thus as to numbers in 1878: Whole number of bishops, 1127. Two of them have held the office over half a century—Dr. M'Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, since 1825, and Monsignor D'Argenteau, of Belgium, since 1826; 77 were appointed by Gregory XVI., and 1028 by Pius IX.; 30 have been created by the present Pope, Leo XIII. It will be apparent how easy it must have been for Pius IX. to mould the Vatican Council to his will. Nine cardinals, 2 patriarchs, 47 archbishops, and 194 bishops belong to the religious orders. The Franciscans have the most bishops—43; then follow the Dominicans with 28, the Benedictines with 24, the Augustines and Conventuals with 16. The Company of Jesus numbers 8000 members. All this vast force is now wielded by the papacy as one man.

Religious fanaticism is by no means extinct in our prosaic age, either here or across the water. The Shaker community in England, of which Mrs. Mary Ann Girling is the prophetess, have again been subjected to expulsion from the premises of a land-owner for non-payment of rent. They are, in American phrase, "squatters," it being one of their tenets not to pay rent to unbelievers. They are now living under a hedge in a lane not far from Lymington. Here a charge of obstructing the highway has been made against them. They will neither buy nor sell, nor, indeed, make any contract for the use of ground or house. Their subsistence is derived from charity, with what they raise from the soil. Their religious dancing is not measured and regular, like that of the American Shakers, but resembles the motions of the whirling dervishes. Mrs. Girling has been warned by the magistrates to find homes for her people, under penalty of being dealt with according to the provisions of the Vagrant Act.

A still stranger fanaticism was that of David Lazaretti, of Tuscany, Italy, who was killed in an encounter with the police, August 18. David the Saint, or "the Christ and King," as he termed himself, had gathered a sect near Grosseto, a town between Civita Vecchia and Leghorn. His creed was a species of Catholic-Socialism. He accepted the Nicene Creed, rejected auricular confession, and required all private property to be turned over to the community. Twelve apostles had been chosen by him, and hermitages set up on hill-tops as homes for his followers. A procession of a hundred of them, dressed in white tunics, and singing, "Long live God, the Christian republic, and Christ come a second time to earth," was met by a small squad of police. David ordered an attack, and in the fray which followed he was shot.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The general suspension of business on the Mississippi River, in consequence of the ravages of the yellow fever at the South, has thrown out of employment a multitude of laborers who were dependent upon their daily earnings for the support of themselves and their families. Four great lines of railroads are paralyzed, scores of steamboats are lying idle, places of business in towns and cities are closed, and the inevitable result is that thousands are out of work—and out of bread. It is estimated that in the three cities of New Orleans, Memphis, and Vicksburg there are no less than 27,000 workmen who have been necessarily discharged since the pestilence commenced its desolating course. A large proportion of these workmen have families, so that probably not far from 100,000 persons have thus been reduced to absolute want. A movement has been made to organize at once a comprehensive system of relief to avoid the horrors of famine added to those of the plague. Until frost comes, there is little hope that the course of the fever will be stayed, and suffering must continue to increase, unless the whole country unites to help in this dire extremity. This, indeed, the country has already done. And now it is proposed to open a central dépôt in New York—and probably in other cities—for the reception of needed supplies for the helpless South. Not only are medicines and food required, but "clothing of every kind and all sizes" is called for. In the endeavor to prevent the spread of the fever, infected clothing has been destroyed, and among the poor, and especially in hospitals, there is the most pressing need for a new supply. New York, which has already made such generous contributions, will respond to this call promptly, as will also other cities and towns. On September 10 the money contributions of New York had amounted to over $167,000, and additions were being made at the rate of about $10,000 daily.

Over six hundred bodies have been recovered of persons lost in the recent disaster to the *Princess Alice* on the Thames. The majority of these were recognized; but eighty-three bodies not identified were buried at Woolwich on September 9.

Eleven milk-dealers were recently arrested in this city and tried on the charge of selling skimmed or watered milk. Dr. White, Sanitary Inspector of Milk for the Board of Health, believes that many cases of cholera infantum are aggravated, if not directly caused, by skimmed milk. He proposes to investigate the milk sent into the city from certain creameries, and also to examine what is sold at dairies and restaurants where pure milk is received, but often adulterated before being served to customers.

There is a prospect that the forty-seventh annual exhibition of the American Institute Fair will be one of the most successful in the history of the Institute for many years. The number of applications for space has been unusually large. For the accommodation of visitors, particularly those from Brooklyn, the New York Elevated Railway Company propose to erect temporary stations at Sixty-third Street, and to run excursion trains to that point during the fair.

Numerous suggestions have been made in regard to the treatment of yellow fever, and many new disinfectants have been recommended. But the history of this strange disease seems to indicate that at each visit it presents some new phase which baffles medical skill. Remedies which appear helpful in one epidemic or in individual cases are useless in others. Disinfectants have not prevented the spread of the disease in the South, although doubtless it has been mitigated by their use. Some years when the fever has prevailed its premonitory symptoms were violent; this year they have been slight and insidious, thereby increasing the real danger. Physicians are constantly trying experiments upon patients, and they keep memoranda of the peculiarities of the disease, so that new and valuable information will be obtained, which may be of the greatest use hereafter.

In Montclair, New Jersey, a town regarded as healthy, several cases of malignant typhoid fever have occurred, which has led to a rigid investigation into the probable causes of its origin. It is generally agreed that impure milk or defective drainage in the locality where the fever first appeared was the exciting cause.

Among the curiosities at the New York Aquarium is a tank containing thirty-six young alligators, hatched from eggs brought from the South. They are less than a foot long, very lively, and sport with each other as freely as kittens.

The system of collecting money for the yellow fever sufferers by means of ballot-boxes placed conspicuously in public places has proved very successful. Pennies, dimes, and greenbacks are deposited from morning till night. Newsboys, boot-blacks, washer-women, shop-girls, school-children, and, indeed, all classes, are cordial contributors. A universal feeling of sympathy is aroused throughout the entire North, and the people give ungrudgingly and generously.

A farmer in Clifton, England, whose pump had become the source of a typhoid fever epidemic, was warned by the health officer that if he allowed any one to use the contaminated water, and fatal disease resulted, or if he sold milk, and disease followed, he would be charged with manslaughter.

The mountain which overshadows Mount Pleasant House, near the foot of Mount Washington, was formally christened a week or two ago, a New York lady giving it the name of Mount Amonoosuc. A large number of interested spectators were present on the occasion.

Reports have come that the present season has proved a complete failure to the arctic whaling fleet. At latest accounts not one vessel had caught a single whale. No vessel had been able to pass through Melville Bay on account of the ice, which completely blocked the bay, and all efforts to penetrate it had failed.

Foreign journals mention a singular case of a young Frenchman who recently died in Lyons under peculiar circumstances. In lighting a match, a piece of the burning phosphorus penetrated beneath his finger-nail, making a slight burn. Soon afterward it began to pain him severely, and the hand and arm swelled. He consulted a physician, who declared that instant amputation was necessary. The young man desired to postpone the operation for a few hours, until he could telegraph for his father. But before the arrival of the latter the poisonous matter had extended so far that the operation was impossible, and he died soon afterward.

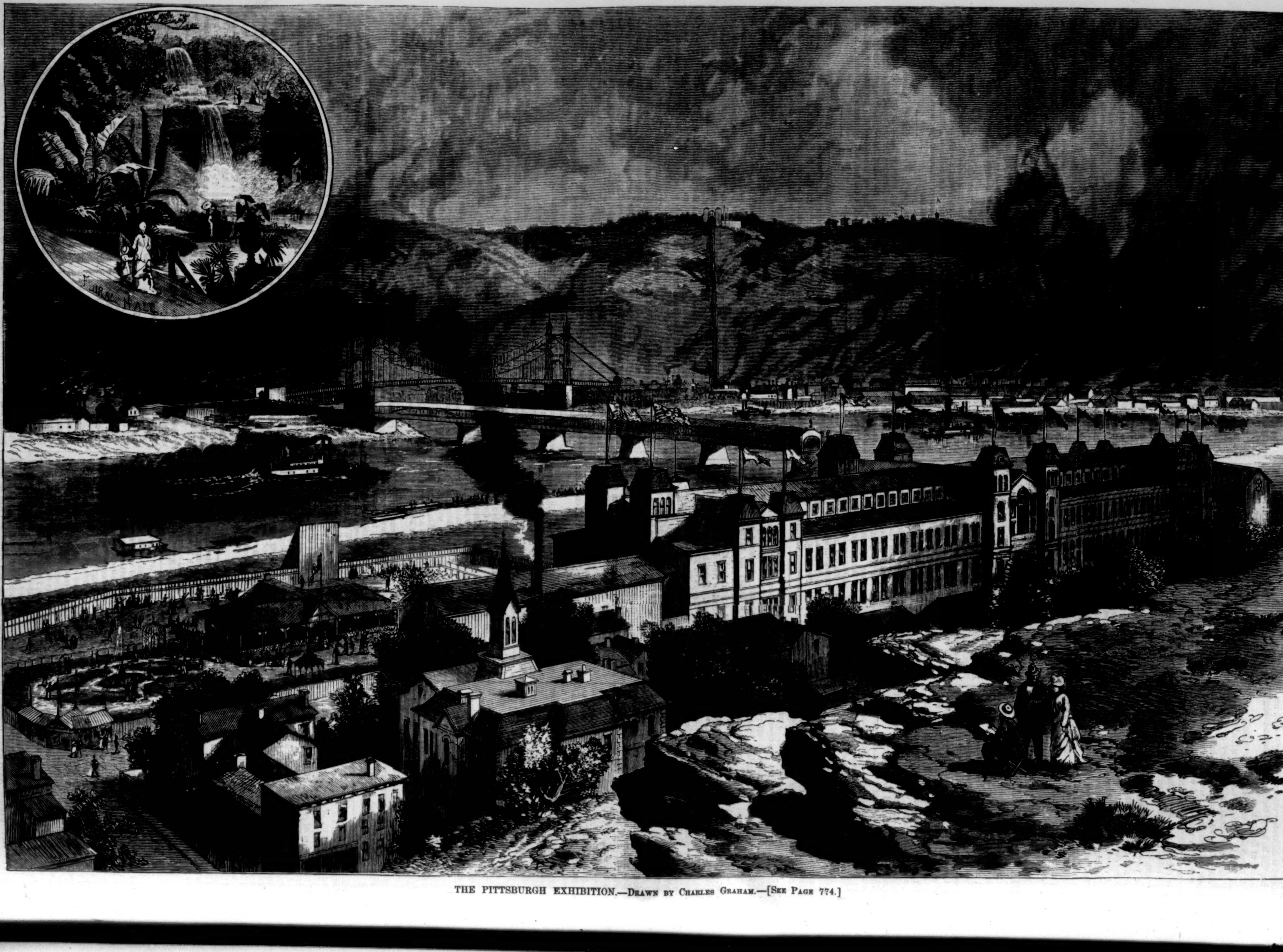
A pedestrian tour of about 450 miles through the Southern States was accomplished during the summer by a party of naturalists—professors and students—three ladies being among the number. They assembled at Cincinnati on June 20, and proceeded thence by rail to Somerset, Kentucky. From that point the journey on foot commenced, each one of the party carrying a light knapsack. On an average they travelled ten miles a day, their route often being over and among the wildest mountain landscapes to be found east of the Rocky Mountains. Having "roughed it" for six weeks, they returned to Washington, and spent some time in studying the specimens in the Smithsonian Institution. It should be mentioned that at Beaufort, North Carolina, they collected two barrels of marine specimens.

During the past season the average daily arrivals at the Summit House, on the top of Mount Washington, have been about 225. Many of these remained over-night, or even spent a longer time there.

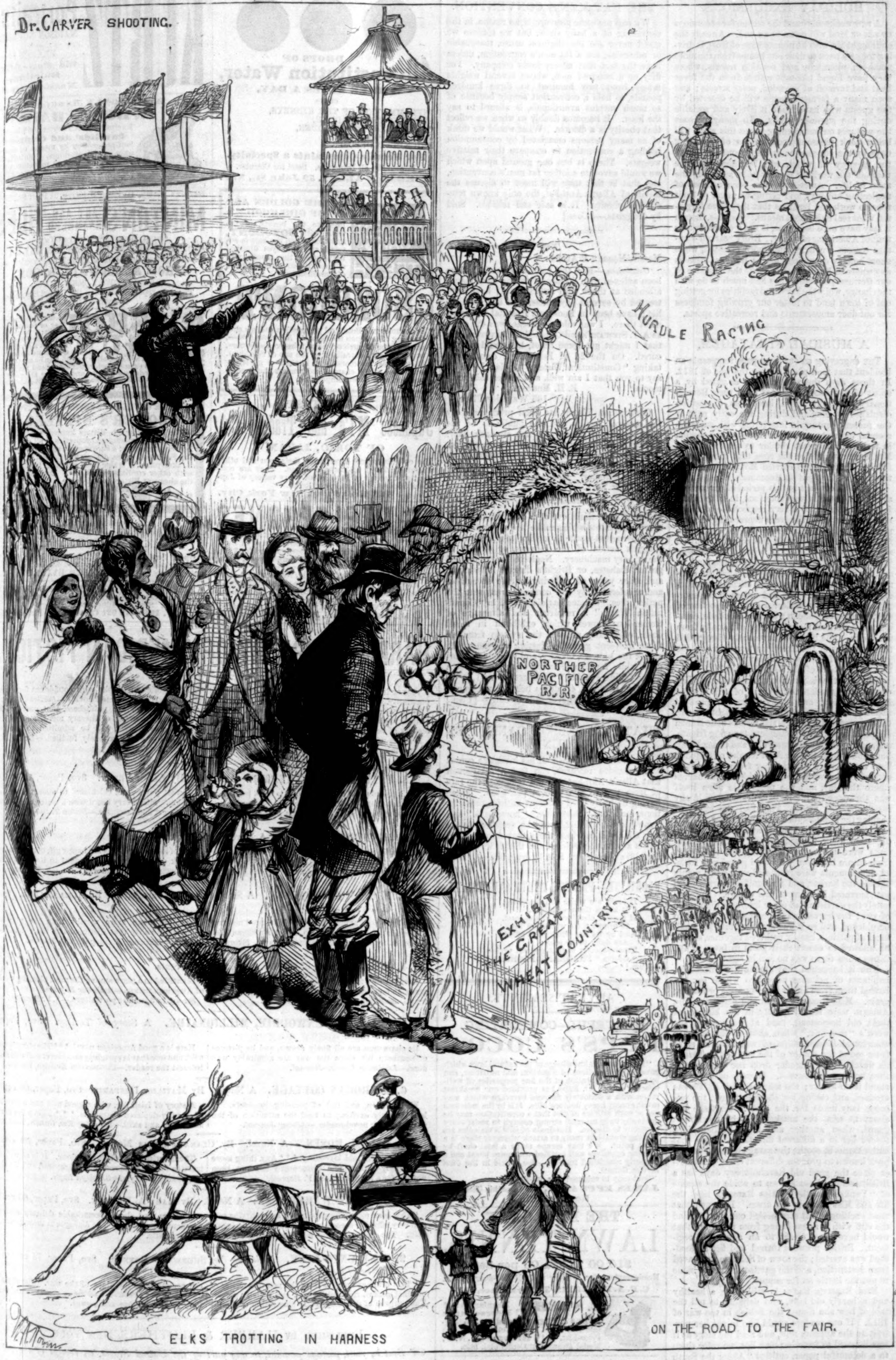
In consequence of the great famine in China, there is a sudden and large demand for the cereals of the Pacific coast. All the steamers from San Francisco go out fully laden with flour. The San Francisco *Bulletin* and *Call* have reports showing that there will probably be a decided increase this season in the wheat crop of California over that of last year. The opinion is also expressed that although the wheat crop in Southern Minnesota and in the central part of Northern Iowa has doubtless been seriously injured, yet there has been a great increase of production in other States.

The London *Globe* congratulates England generally and the British Museum in particular for having secured a copy of the 5020-volumed Chinese Encyclopedia. It is supposed that the whole Chinese literature of any importance, between 1100 B.C. and 1700 A.D., is embraced in these volumes. Tradition affirms that only one hundred copies were originally printed, and that the type were broken up after these were printed.

Some singular instances of recovery from yellow fever are on record. It should be remembered that recovery from this disease is, in general, above all others, dependent upon careful nursing. The least mistake or lack of vigilance may cause death even when the patient is practically convalescent. The patient can not be trusted in the matter of eating or of exerting himself. He often thinks he can walk safely, when it is almost certain death for him to do so. Still, there seem to be exceptions to the rule. A refugee from the South was found not long ago in the woods near London, Ontario. He had lain eight days exposed to rain and changing weather, and almost without food. It was supposed, of course, that he would die. But he is now likely to recover. It is related of another person suffering with the fever that when given over by the physicians he repeated a request, often denied before, for tobacco. "Yes," they said, "he can have any thing he wants; it can make no difference now." The patient with eagerness seized the coveted tobacco, used it with lavish greediness—and recovered. Another singular case occurred in an epidemic some years ago. Accommodations being limited on a fever-stricken ship, the surgeon ordered a patient who was believed to be past recovery to be laid in one of the boats which hung from the davits. The man was insensible; and as less hopeless cases demanded all the attention of physicians and others, he was left to his fate. A tremendous rain fell during the night, and the sick man was deluged; but from that time he began to recover, and was soon well.


FLORAL HALL

THE PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 774.]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THE MINNESOTA STATE FAIR, AT ST. PAUL.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 775.]

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

A few weeks more and the season for excursions by sea or land will come to an end. Already the chill night air, with its premonition of frost, is driving tourists back to their city homes from the more northern mountain and sea-side resorts, where they have found pleasant refuge from the fever heat and turmoil of crowded, noisy streets; and soon many a farmer's home will be deserted by the guests who have made it lively and sociable during the summer weeks. To many persons the pictures on our opening pages this week will bring back pleasant recollections of charming days by the sea-side or in the mountains—days the memory of which will brighten existence through the working months that make up the most of life. Americans have been accused of neglecting holidays, and giving so much of their time to work and business that they have forgotten what real enjoyment means. But this, though it may have once been true, is not a characteristic trait of Americans of to-day. Every year our summer resorts are more and more crowded, while short holiday excursions are as frequent here as any where in Europe. Doubtless the influence of our German population has had much to do with the change, while the increased facilities for getting out of town tend to foster our growing fondness for out-door amusements and recreative sports.

A MUSICAL STRATAGEM.

The engraving on our front page represents an incident that took place during the war of 1812. In those days the women were actuated by a spirit of patriotism inherited from their Revolutionary ancestors. The iniquitous disposition displayed by England during the early part of the present century in interfering with our commercial interests aroused a storm of indignation in many a fair breast similar to that which led Mrs. Schuyler to fire the corn that should have fed her children, and carried Moll Pitcher into the thick of the fight at Monmouth.

England's conduct at this period of our national history certainly was notorious, in spite of the fact that there was a very respectable minority report presented in Congress deprecating the war measures adopted. Probably there was not a fair student of politics in the country who did not agree with Mr. Dallas, when, in discussing the outrages suffered at the hands of England, he said: "She had seized and confiscated the commercial property of American citizens to an incalculable amount. She had united in the enormities of France to declare a great proportion of the terraqueous globe in a state of blockade, chasing the American merchant flag effectually from the ocean. She had contemptuously disregarded the neutrality of the American territory, and the jurisdiction of the American laws within the waters and harbors of the United States."

Naturally the rich harbor of Massachusetts Bay excited the predatory instincts of this wicked English nation, and many a cruiser prowled about the coasts seeking what it might devour. On one occasion a particularly vicious little launch slipped away from an impudent towering frigate, and, passing between Crow Point and Cedar Point, bore down upon the peaceful hamlet of Scituate. Two vessels were towed away from under their owners' eyes, several fired alongside of the wharves where they lay, and the poor little town itself was threatened with instant destruction if any resistance was made. This had the effect of keeping the inhabitants exceedingly quiet until the intruding launch had sailed away; but then indignation knew no bounds, and active preparations were made for defending the little port from future invasion. A home guard was formed, detachments were stationed at the two points outside the harbor, and a magnificent brass piece was mounted in front of the village. Unfortunately the garrison had other interests than those of war; the harvest was ripe, the corn waiting to be plucked, and so it was arranged that the small band of patriots, hastily gathered together, should be allowed to desert their posts in favor of the farms when there was no sail in sight.

Now it happened that among the devoted inhabitants of Scituate were two whose sex debarred them from either bearing arms or reaping grain. Miss Rebecca Bates and her sister Miss Abigail were seated quietly in the kitchen of their old homestead, hard at work upon the week's "mending," when another one of those abandoned British ships of war hove in sight from round the corner of the bay. Miss Rebecca watched the intruder drop her anchor, and then boats were lowered. Human nature could stand it no longer; the martial spirit of '76 was aroused, and calling her sister to follow, the valorous lady made for the shore. First she was about to seize the muskets left by the absent guard, when another and more brilliant idea turned her in a different direction. Music, that hath charms to soothe the savage breast, has also been known to produce different effects, and never since the good old Revolutionary days has a British soldier been known to abide the strains of "Yankee Doodle." Miss Rebecca held the fife and Miss Abigail the drum. Presently that most exciting of all airs pealed out from behind the cliff with a rattat-tooing from the drum that would have done credit to an advancing regiment. British prowess turned and fled; bloodshed was averted; the town of Scituate was saved from destruction, and the garrison returned home to put the kettle on for supper.

Miss Rebecca Bates is still alive, a healthy and a hearty old lady, who delights to tell the tale of how she routed the British in the war of 1812. If our readers would like to see her portrait as she appears now, and read the story as it was listened to from her own lips, we refer them to a delightful paper, entitled "Along the South Shore," published in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1878.

THE FAT MEN'S CONVENTION.

We can see some pleasure, if no reason, in the convening of a baby show, but we confess we could never see the slightest cause, reasonable or otherwise, for a fat men's convention, unless it be the fact that misery loves company. For fifty or a hundred men, whose several weights range from two hundred to three hundred pounds, to hold a convention simply because of so much surplus avoirdupois, is absurd to say the least. It becomes doubly so when we reflect that obesity is a disease. What would we think of as many persons emaciated by consumption holding a convention to compare their relative weights. There is but one ground upon which we would advocate another fat men's convention, and that is that they will meet to discuss the merits of Allan's Anti-Fat, the only known remedy for obesity. It is safe and reliable. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

New York, *March* 1, 1878.

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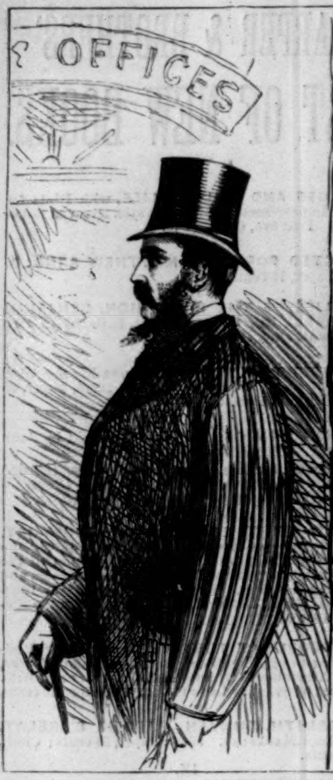

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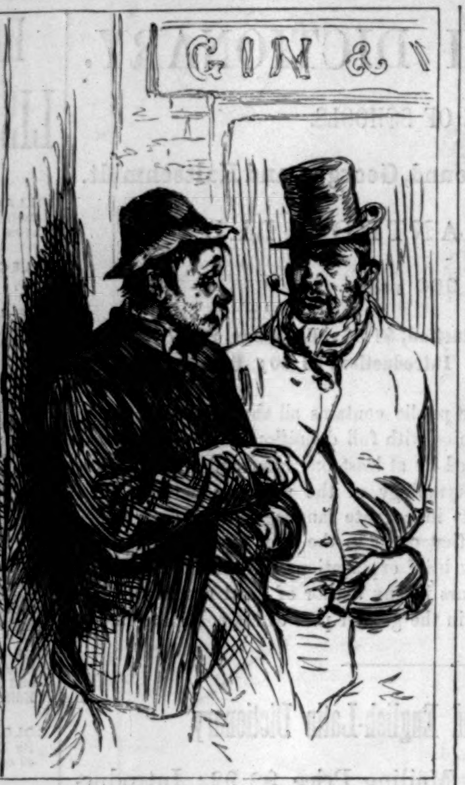

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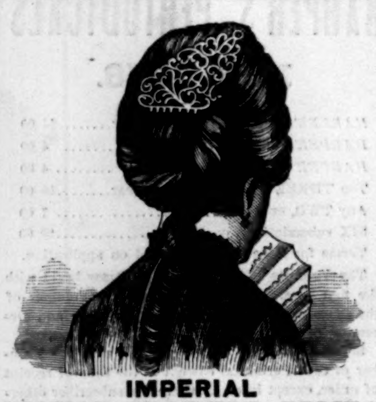

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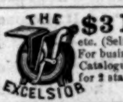

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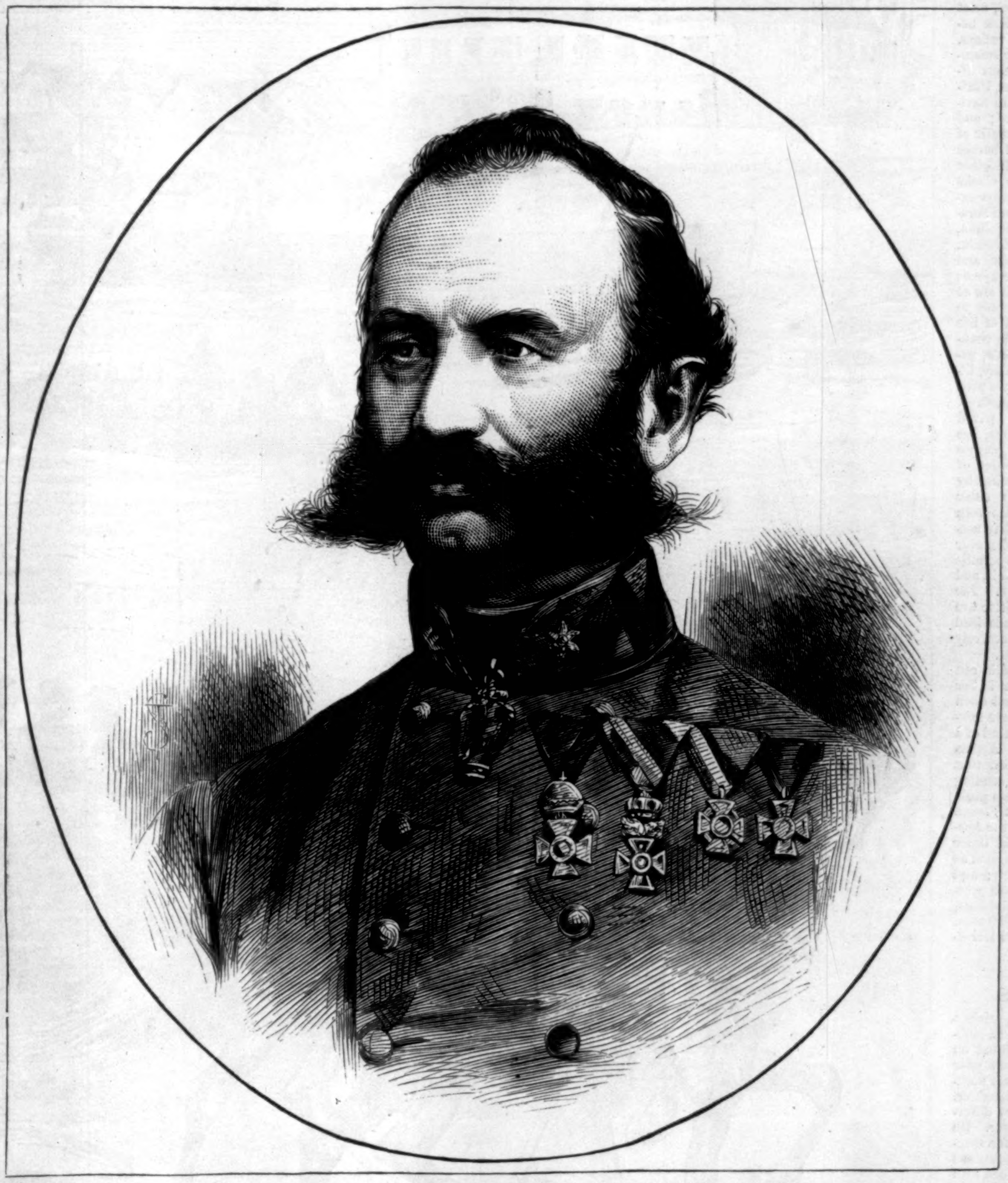
THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

THAT portion of the Treaty of Berlin which relates to the occupation of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austrian troops reads as follows: "The provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina shall be occupied and administered by Austria-Hungary. The government of Austria-Hungary, not desiring to undertake the administration of the Sandjak of Novi Bazar, which extends between Servia and Montenegro in a southeasterly direction to the other side of Mitrovitza, the Ottoman administration will remain in force there. Notwithstanding, in order to insure the maintenance of the new political state of affairs, as well as freedom and security of communications, Austria-Hungary reserves the right of keeping garrisons and having military and commercial roads in the whole of this part of the ancient vilayet of Bosnia. With this object the governments of Austria-Hungary and Turkey reserve to themselves to come to an understanding as to the details."

In pursuance of the programme thus laid down, but little time was lost by the Austrian government between the return of the plenipotentiaries from Berlin and the beginning of preparations for conveying a large body of troops into Bosnia. Knowing but too well the temper of their new subjects, and the large Mussulman element in the population, the Austrian ministry immediately issued a proclamation calling upon the inhabitants of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina to submit peacefully to the arrangement for their welfare, and making such promises as were calculated to insure a peaceful reception to the army of occupation. At the same time, however, the troops were organized and equipped in such a manner as to be able to sustain an active campaign on foreign soil, and the command intrusted to General Baron PHILIPPOVICH.

This officer is not only highly esteemed by his government as a soldier, but is also known as a man who has a sincere desire for the welfare and improvement of the unhappy provinces that have now become a portion of his country. General PHILIPPOVICH'S first endeavor in taking command of his forces was to impress upon them the duty of proceeding to their new positions as peacefully as possible, and this he did by means of the following proclamation, which thoroughly indicates his character, and forms a suitable accompaniment to his portrait:

> "SOLDIERS,—Civil war in its most repulsive form, a struggle between religions and races, waged with fanatical animosity on our borders, has compelled 100,000 fugitives to fly for protection from cruel persecution to Austro-Hungarian soil. His Majesty the Emperor, our supreme military head, not disposed to abandon his own territory as an arena for foreign anarchic intrigues, nor longer to endure the confusion existing in neighboring countries, has, in concert with all the great powers of Europe, and with the consent of the Porte, resolved to finally put an end to this unhappy state by occupying Bosnia and Herzegovina. True to the principles of fairness which have ever characterized our policy, it is not the thirst of conquest, but the care we can not escape for our own well-being, which this time also impels us to cross the frontiers of the kingdom. Soldiers, your task lies clearly before you. In a proclamation simultaneously communicated to you, word is solemnly pledged to the inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina, on condition of their complying with the measures to be fixed by me, that we shall treat them as sincere friends, respect the rights of each nationality and religion, as also existing customs and manners, and protect property and household claims. Your constant joyful obedience to the commands of our supreme military head and your exemplary discipline secure the redemption of the word pledged for you. In the execution of the mission committed to us I shall brook no interference, and shall know how to meet any resistance, from whatever quarter it may come. Soldiers, the enterprise, noble and elevated in its aim, which lies before you is no easy one. On account of the circumstances in which the countries which you are to enter stand, wearisome marches, sorry accommodation, privations, and fatigues of all kinds await you. Yet in full confidence I trust to your resolution and endurance. No obstacle is so great that you will not be able easily to surmount it. Once more, soldiers, I repeat it, I am not going to lead you on a triumphal march, but to hard work, undertaken in the service of humanity and civilization. These words, so often misused in their application, it is for you, under the wings of the double eagle, to cause to acquire a higher respect than hitherto—a new splendor and true acceptance."



GENERAL BARON PHILIPPOVICH, COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN BOSNIA.

The first entry into Bosnia, of which a spirited illustration is given in our double-page engraving, took place on the morning of Monday, July 29. This was accomplished by the passage of the river Save, a stream which formerly separated the dominions of Turkey from those of Austria, and which was also known as the "boundary line between Christendom and Islam." Punctually at six o'clock in the morning the imperial troops began to pass from Austrian Brod to Turkish Brod. These two towns or division of a single town lie upon opposite banks of the river, and directly at the head of the great highway which leads to the Bosnian capital Serajevo, formerly called Bosna Serai. Materials for making bridges had previously been collected at this point, and the first troops to cross the river were a battalion of chasseurs. Scarcely were the first detachments safely landed on Bosnian soil—where they met with no resistance—when the pioneers set to work to throw a bridge across the river, and within less than three hours the two sides were connected with a pontoon. Immediately the bulk of the first Mountain Brigade of the Sixth Infantry Division marched across the bridge, and at eleven o'clock the whole advanced guard, with the mountain battery, the train, and a squadron of hussars, found themselves on the Bosnian side of the river. The passage of the first Mountain Brigade completed, the commandant of the Thirteenth Army Corps ordered the imperial banner to be unfurled, and the band of the Fifty-second Regiment of Infantry began to play the national anthem. Huzzas pealed like thunder from all ranks of the troops, and were replied to with equal energy from many thousand voices on the Austrian side of the stream, so that a solemn enthusiasm marked the event of the passage.

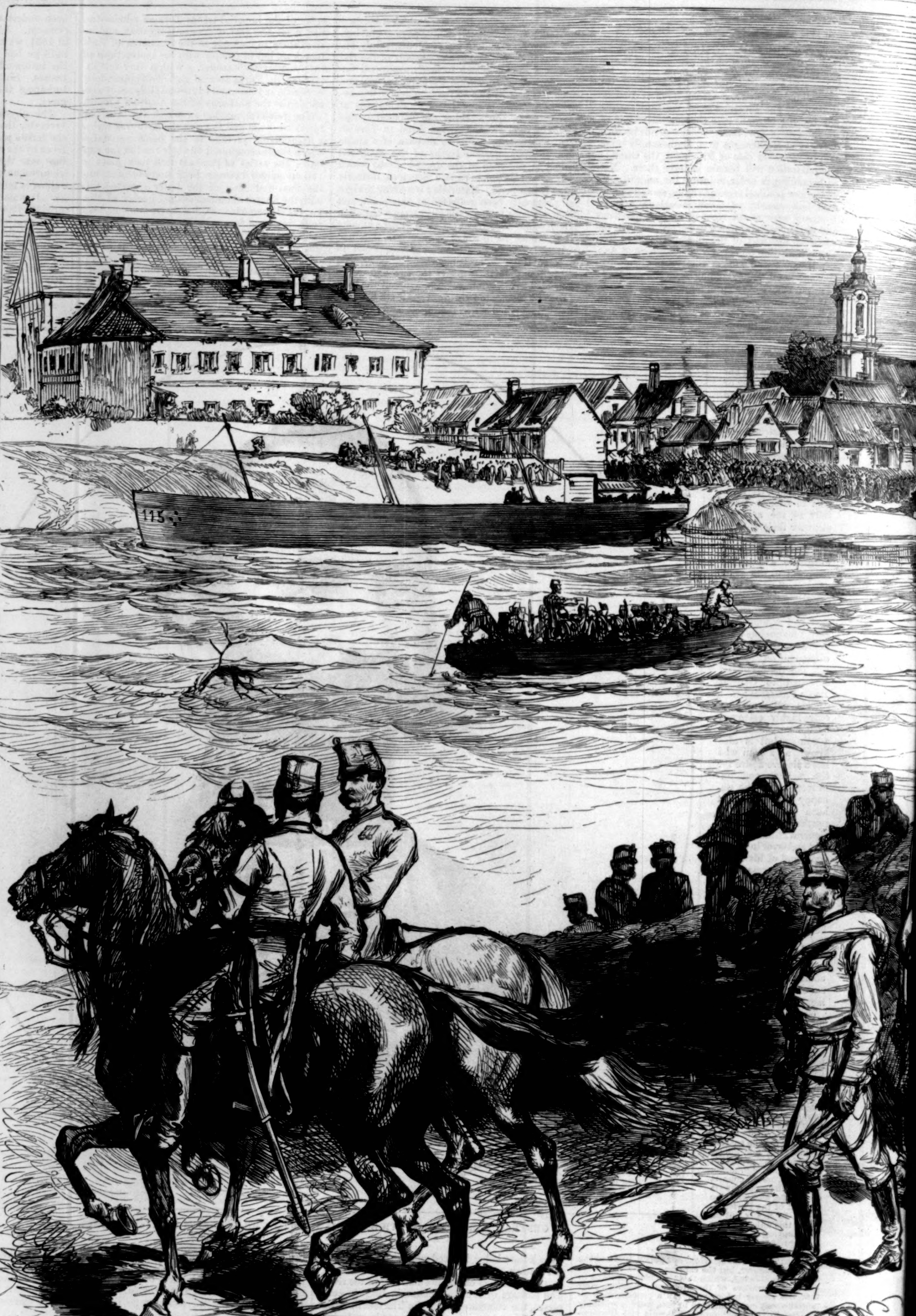
The Bosnian shore of the Save consists of deep shifting sand, over which it is impossible to drive heavy vehicles. Two roads laid with wicker-work were accordingly constructed to the highway leading to Derbent, the first stage on the journey to Serajevo. In the mean time, and as soon as the troops were fairly landed on Bosnian soil, an officer of the general staff was commissioned by the corps commandant to enter into negotiations with the Turkish magistrates at Bosnian Brod in regard to the future conduct of official business. He accordingly explained to them that with the entry of the imperial troops Turkish administration must give way to Austro-Hungarian, and invited them to continue in the discharge of their functions, but to comply with the instructions of the Austrian commander. With a very few exceptions the Turks seemed glad of an opportunity to remain in office, and expressed their ready submission to the authority of the Austrian Empire.

The peaceful manner in which the Austrian forces were allowed to cross the Save was rather a remarkable prelude to the fierce resistance which they encountered on their road to the capital. The series of combats that took place at various stages between Brod and Serajevo, and the final reduction of the latter city, together with the almost simultaneous occupation of Mostar, the Herzegovinan capital, have, however, been fully described in our news column. In place, therefore, of giving further attention to the struggle, we shall endeavor to collect for the benefit of our reader a few facts connected with the two provinces that have now come into the possession of Austria.

Bosnia, previous to the recent changes in the map of Europe, was the most northwesterly province of European Turkey, forming an eyalet, governed by a pasha, and including, besides Bosnia proper, the Turkish parts of Croatia, Dalmatia, and the district of Herzegovina. The latter was originally but the southern portion of Bosnia, and derives its name from the Herzog, or duke, by whom it was once separately governed. Bosnia itself in ancient times was included in Paunonia, and, previous to the seventh century, was governed by princes of its own called Bans or Waiwodes, who became dependent on Hungary. Being conquered by the Turks, the district was finally annexed to the Ottoman power in 1522 by SOLIMAN the Magnificent. The feudal nobles and land-owners at that time for the most part became apostates to the Mohammedan religion. By this means the "Begs," as they are called, were enabled to preserve their estates and their aristocratic privileges to a great extent. Many of the hereditary chiefs were, however, denuded of their prerogatives and of nearly all their revenues. Naturally this led to frequent outbreaks among the Christian population, and for several centuries Bosnia was the scene of almost perpetual disturbance, several campaigns having been undertaken against it by the Turkish government. A most dangerous rebellion broke out in 1851, which was not quelled by OMAR PASHA until he had inflicted several severe defeats on the insurgents, and stormed some of their fortresses. Since that time and until the recent disturbances the country has been comparatively quiet.

The physical conditions of Bosnia are more favorable than those of Herzegovina, as it lies in the fertile plains and valleys of the interior, watered by the river Bosna and its tributaries, which flow into the Save. Almost all the cities have picturesque sites, but the provincial capital, Serajevo, is more beautifully situated than any other. It numbers about 48,000 inhabitants, comprising 4500 Greek Catholics, 3000 Jews, and 1000 gypsies. This town is the principal residence of the Bosnian nobility, and until 1850 it formed a sort of republic that was almost independent even of the vizier; and it was only after the last revolt of the Begs (nobles) that OMAR PASHA abolished the independence of the town. Its situation is 1750 feet above the Adriatic Sea, on both banks of the Miljachka River, in a narrow valley, inclosed by a chain of mountains. The views of the town and valley from the old castle that stands on a plateau are charming; the view to the south is peculiarly lovely, where the Trebovich Mountain, rising to a height of 5100 feet, and covered with verdant woods, is a striking object. The small white houses stand in gardens, and above the houses tower a hundred minarets. The parts of the town lying on the river—which latter is spanned by nine bridges—are regularly built, though the streets are narrow; the other parts stretch irregularly up the sides of the mountain. The bazars are unusually extensive, and on market-days contain a motley throng of men and women in the most varied costumes.

The highlands and mountains of Bosnia are so densely covered with forests as in many parts to form impenetrable wildernesses. The trees of which they are principally composed are the oak, beech, pine, fir, and linden. Hence the country produces and exports timber for all purposes, whether for building or fuel, and much pitch, tar, and potash. The Bosnian forests abound in wild animals, such as deer, boars, bears, wolves, lynxes, and foxes, and hunting is a favorite and profitable occupation. The rearing of domestic animals has heretofore received but little attention. For instance, the breeding of horses, of which Bosnia possesses a strong and hardy race, is neglected almost every where except in the inhospitable districts of Klincz and Glamocz, which are inhabited solely by Turks. Here large herds of fine cattle are kept, and bullocks form a considerable article of export. The only buffaloes are those kept for private use in the Sandjak of Novi Bazar. Many of the sheep have upright winding horns and coarse knotted wool, and are of a large size; the Wallachian and Dalmatian breeds have also been introduced. The Bosnians in general pay much attention to their flocks, and the wool they send to market is considered the best in the Levant. Goats are common, and swine are fed by all who live near the Save and Drina, where they have the advantage of extensive woods of beech and oak, and poultry is abundant every where. The rivers abound with fish, but the supply is mostly consumed by the country itself. Mining has not been carried on to the extent which the undoubted resources of the district justify, for the Turks have manifested a most unaccountable repugnance to such industries. Yet almost every metal is to be found in Bosnia, even gold. The Dalmatian gold of which the old poets sung came from Bosnia by way of Signa and Clissa to Salona, and was supplied to Rome by the Propositus Thesaurorum Dalmatinorum. In the Middle Ages the Ragusa merchants profited by the Bosnian gold mines, and to this day a rayah sometimes secretly brings small quantities of gold-dust to the goldsmith in Sigu and Spalato. Silver is found in the northeast, near Srebrnik



ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIAN TROOPS INTO NIA

and Srebrnica; also lead and iron may be seen on the surface in many districts.

Like all countries under the sway of the Turk, Bosnia has retrograded rather than advanced during the past centuries. Manufacturing interests she has none, and the treasures of her forests and her mines have lain undeveloped. Now, however, her opportunity has come, for Austrian enterprise is already busy with schemes for the improvement of the new provinces. The completion of the railway from Serajevo to Novi, on the Austrian frontier, will greatly change matters for the better, the more so that the numerous rivers afford excellent means of communication. While in the Karst formation, in the course of many thousand years, the plateau rivers have worn for themselves deep beds in the stone, so that the banks rise perpendicularly to 2000 feet, most of the Bosnian rivers flow between hills in broad valleys. The Save is navigated by steamboats; its more important affluents, the Unna, Verbas, Ukrina, Bosna, and Drina, are navigable for long distances; and even the Ibar, in the pashalic of Novi Bazar, floats small barges of less draught. With other means of communication it looks badly, of course. Highways exist only between Brod and Serajevo, Gradisca and Banjaluka, Radcha (Austria) and Zvornik, Vischegrad and Zvornik, and between Zvornik and Serajevo; but even these few roads are so neglected that they are only to be used with great risk of life and limbs. In the whole country there are no carriages, except the "arabas"—clumsy, ill-contrived carts—which are used chiefly by the Mohammedans. The "kaldermas," or paved roads in marshy districts, are mostly constructed by private enterprise, seldom by order of government, and are formed by blocks of stone, often a cubic foot in size, which time has worn so that they are worse than useless. The traveller, whenever the nature of the ground permits it, avoids these paved roads, and rides alongside of them. The bridle-paths, of which there are many, as nearly all roads lead over the mountains, are scarcely better than the highways.

Before, however, Austria can work much improvement in her new possessions she must quell the disturbances that have arisen, and establish some kind of a peaceable government. Apparently it has been decided that this can only be done by sending a large army into the two provinces. Public opinion at Vienna demands an increase of the Austrian military forces, in order that they may master as soon as possible the insurrection; and it is stated that there will presently be seven army divisions, with a strength of 130,000 men, employed in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

ELEPHANTS.

The tame elephant, with a whole nursery on his back, picking up pennies and dining on water biscuits, is a very poor figure, and his bulk raises nothing more dignified than laughter. The ancients had a very different opinion of the monster. He was a favorite subject for speculation, and the most ridiculous propositions were advanced with regard to him in old scientific treatises. Thus a popular idea, which survived into more enlightened times, deprived him of joints. Sir Thomas Browne, who lived in the reign of James I., mentions it among his list of "Vulgar Errours." "This absurdity," he says, "is seconded by another, that being unable to lye downe, he sleepeth against a tree, which the hunters observing, doe saw almost asunder, whereon the beast relying, by the fall of the tree falls also downe itselfe, and is able to rise no more." It is easy enough to understand how this fallacy got about. The pillar-like look of the legs suggests that joints would be almost unnecessary, and, as a matter of fact, the animal gets such support from them that he rarely lies down at all. In captivity elephants have been known to sleep for months standing up, and in some menageries the keepers infer that the animal is ill if it lies down during the night. In fact, its legs support it so well that one sportsman printed an account of his firing at an elephant over and over again, and at last, coming up to it, found that it had died standing up; and Major Rogers having lodged a bullet right in the brain of another, the animal fell on its knees, and died in that suppliant attitude.

Another popular error about the elephant is that it dislikes all other animals. This is true in a restricted sense. Elephants are very conservative, and do not like what they are not accustomed to. They are by no means cowards, but, like other animals of undoubted courage, they may be frightened by unfamiliar objects. It is known that an old woman once escaped from a bull by opening an umbrella, and in the same way a flock of elephants will fly from the yelp of a dog. Indeed, Tennent tells a story of a little Scotch terrier that seized an elephant by the trunk, and so frightened the big brute that it came at once down on its knees. The keeper had ultimately to interfere, or the elephant would have run away. The distrust which an elephant has for a horse is founded on the same grounds. Horses are such purely artificial creatures, we can scarcely wonder that other animals feel a little strangely toward them. Before the Prince of Wales started on his journey to India his horses were taken several mornings to the Zoo, and were walked round the elephants and other animals, so as to accustom them to forms they might see a little more frequently in the East. The true antipathy, however, is not so much on the part of the elephant as of the horse. Thus horses are known to have an unaccountable dislike to camels, an

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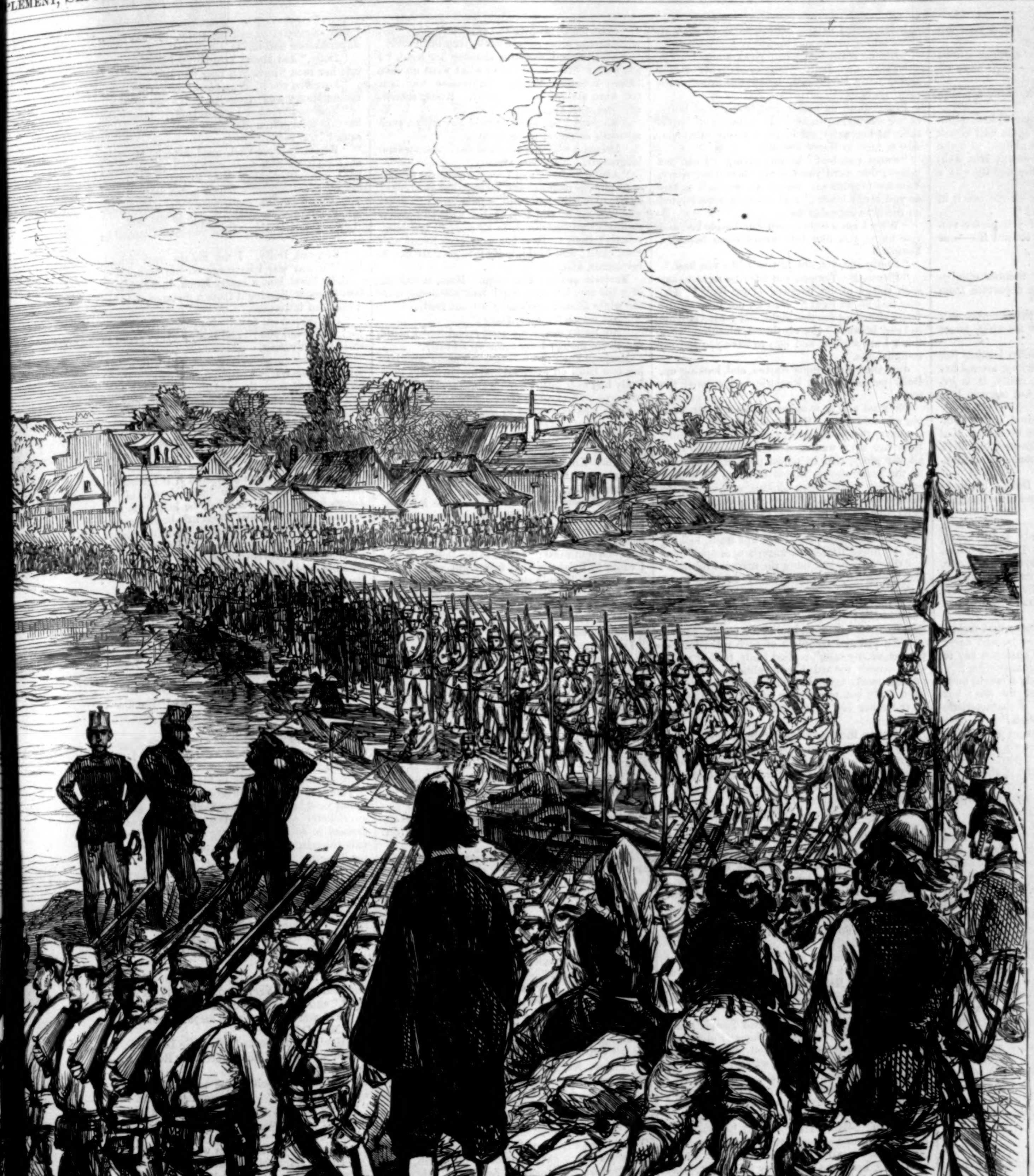

INTO NIA—CROSSING THE RIVER SAVE, AT BROD.

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making his acquaintance chiefly at travelling circuses, country fairs, menageries, and on other occasions calculated to impair our sense of his dignity; or if we have any curiosity left, we reserve it for a single species, better known in similes than in reality as the rogue elephant. If people, indeed, were at pains to get information about the rogue, they would learn a great deal about the whole race. For the rogue, being a kind of felon or convict, a sense of his offenses will lead us to understand the usages of the society from which he is an outcast. We have spoken of a herd of elephants, and the phrase is a vague one; the proper expression, perhaps, should be a family, which gives us quite a patriarchal idea of the animal. They move about, not in casual groups, but in clans. They are all cousins or kinsmen. Of course this must rest to a certain degree on conjecture, but on conjecture strongly supported by proof. Thus a gang of twenty-one elephants were captured, and it was found that they had all the same kind of trunks, that kind differing from the ordinary variety. On the occasion of another great *battue*, where thirty-five head of this gigantic game were bagged, they all had the same colored eyes. They associate thus in great *troupes*, with a recognized head or leader. He is generally a male, but a strong-minded female has been known to come to the front and assume the command. Sometimes it will happen that one of the troupe becomes separated from the rest. He loses his way, or is perhaps wounded, and ultimately recovers. But he has forfeited his citizenship; he has lost his rights, and becomes a mere tenant on sufferance. The herd will permit him to browse near them, but the intimacy must not go further. The pariah then becomes desperate. He wanders about and attacks every thing. He can not join his own kin, and so he marauds recklessly. In this way he becomes more accustomed to meet men, and revenges upon them the wrongs which have been so cruelly visited upon him. It is said that he gets such an abhorrence for his own tribe that he will not even make common cause with another rogue, which is, perhaps, fortunate for the native population. There is another explanation of the rogue elephant, which is founded on these individuals being almost always males. It is said that they are either widowers or bachelors, supernumeraries that are left unprovided for or have lost their former partners; and naturalists have remarked a similar habit of ostracism exercised by other animals that habitually live in groups against special individuals, as in the case of the buffaloes of South America, or, according to Livingstone, the hippopotami in Africa.

One of the chief uses to which the Romans put elephants was to terrify uncivilized European tribes. Thus Polyænus states that an elephant was introduced into England by Cæsar in B.C. 54, to the no small terror of the natives, though the earliest reliable account we have of an elephant in England is to be found in Baker's *Chronicle*. One of the kings of France presented one of enormous size to Henry III. in the year 1238.

SADDER AND WISER.

I.

"OH dear! how long those men take to smoke!" was Dolly's thought, after dinner, at Leighton, while she bent over Mrs. Ashbury's lace-making, saying how very much she wished her papa would allow her to learn the art. "But indeed he will not, Mrs. Ashbury," she exclaimed, as that lady announced her intention of asking him herself. "Indeed, indeed he will not; for—for he thinks my eyes too weak."

Mrs. Ashbury gazed sympathetically at Dolly's gray orbs, while that young lady demurely sighed, and promised to do every thing Mrs. Ashbury recommended.

"Though she must think me an idiot if I do," thought wicked Dolly.

"How very much nicer it is for us ladies to be by ourselves!" said Constance Leighton, tall, blonde, and insipid, laying her hand caressingly on Mrs. Ashbury's chair. "Is it not a relief to be rid of the men for a while, Aunt Elinor?"

"Oh, *so* nice!" sneered Dolly, "especially when they are so distressingly devoted."

Constance did not relax a feature as she replied: "Yes, you may be thankful you are not a society belle, little Dolly."

Why should the color mount to Dolly's cheeks at this reply, brought upon her by her own remark? Perhaps there was a sting of bitter truth in Miss Leighton's words, or was the diminutive unpleasant?

"Here come the men at last!" joyfully exclaimed Mrs. Leighton, who had fallen into a graceful position, and improved the opportunity for a nap. "Dear Mr. Esdaile, I have been counting the minutes since we left you all."

"It must have been a mathematical dream-land, then," laughed Dolly, while one of the gentlemen bent to catch the ball of scarlet wool fallen from her lap. "How very stupid! Oh, Mr. Temple, do not let me keep you from MISS Leighton," as he took the low stool beside her. "Please—she will be so angry."

Harry Temple laughed low, and stroked his mustache. "Do you beat up recruits for Miss Leighton, Dolly?"

"You have no right to call me Dolly, Mr. Temple; and see, Mrs. Leighton is transfixing me with her formidable eyeglass."

"I wonder if you pose, Miss Esdaile?" said Temple, not heeding her last remark; "for, by Jove! I never saw any thing so picturesque as